GENERAL CLAXTON

A Novel

BY

H. C. HANFORD

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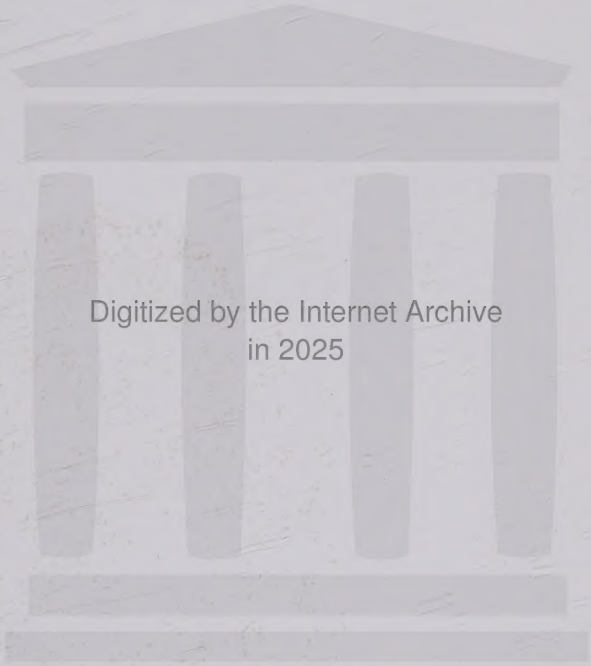

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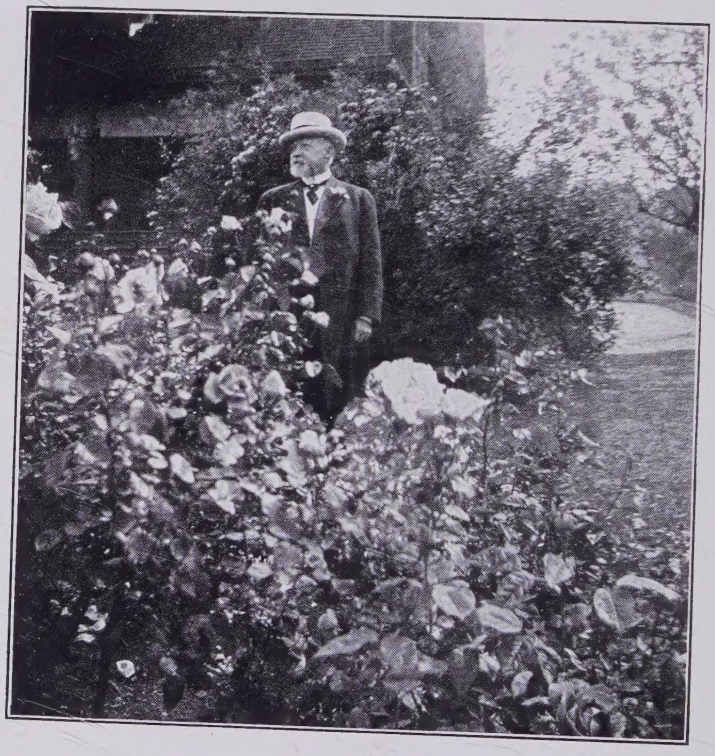

Yours Truly
C. H. Hanford

Frontispiece

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MCMXVII

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DEDICATION

To the surviving soldiers of the Civil War,—those who braved its perils and endured its hardships to save the Union, and their equally brave adversaries, who in good faith accepted the decision of the trial by battle, so that now all are loyal supporters of the Constitution of the United States,—this book is respectfully dedicated.

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PROLOGUE

I REMEMBER with vivid distinctness many incidents of life in the log cabin, which was the first habitation occupied by my father and family in Seattle. It was burned the day that Indian warriors made an attack upon Seattle,—January 26, 1856.

I remember well the last night of our occupancy of that cabin,—a night in which we slept very little, most of the night being devoted to prayer for providential deliverance from the cruel fate believed to be impending. Indian friends had given warning that all families living isolated, as we did, would be massacred by hostile savages known to be lurking in our vicinity, and in apparent confirmation of that report, my mother, awaking in the still hours of the night, observed a stealthy prowler peering through a window left partly open for ventilation. The morning after that occurrence hasty preparation was made to move into the village, two miles distant; but there was delay in securing a scow for the transportation of our belongings, and then, because of a low stage of the tide, she could not be navigated before darkness enforced further detention. The shelter of the cabin was therefore our only refuge from in-

clement weather for one more night. However, we were not molested, and the next day secured a temporary abiding-place in an unfinished two-story building, the upper floor of which was occupied by another family.

Nearby there was encamped a party of bachelors, including two rare characters that any writer of stories might be glad to know. Having kept them in my memory ever since that early period of my life, I have had them in mind when narrating experiences and recounting achievements that befit the careers of such men as they were. The names assigned to them are fictional names, —not the true names of the real men referred to. One, designated as Frank Bingham, was a daring adventurer, who, in addition to other qualities distinguishing him as an extraordinary young man, was a jolly jester and had talents of the kind now much appreciated in vaudeville. His voice was superb, and he loved to entertain his companions and those that nightly assembled around their camp-fire, by telling stories and singing popular songs and religious hymns. The other of the two, a handsome young man, referred to as Walter Wardell, was a cultured gentleman, who had been educated for the calling of a clergyman.

One night after the usual entertainment had been concluded and the camp visitors had departed, the voices of those two young men penetrated the thin walls of the building we occupied, as they engaged in conversation, which was pro-

longed through most of the night, and before its termination the former student of theology became highly excited. His voice, pitched in a high key, poured forth an incessant flow of words, which bore evidence of intense mental anguish, caused by the memory of some great wrong, or calamity, or possibly his own folly.

He raved and blasphemed and anathematized himself in a tirade of profanity. I remember well the singer's clear tenor voice when he sang a hymn,—the first line of which is:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,"

and how I was awakened later by Wardell's equally clear and strong voice, giving expression to thoughts utterly repugnant to all that the hymn suggests.

Being at the time only six years of age, I was shocked; and ever since, that shock and the terror of that last night in the isolated cabin, have been inseparably associated in my memory. There is a somewhat remarkable coincidence in the fact that Wardell was not the only one of the first-comers to Seattle that had forsaken the calling of a clergyman, and at times appeared to be affected by unhappy memories that caused violent outbursts of temper. Another was Edward A. Clark, who came in April, 1852, and joined the less than a dozen white people, who were the very first to become located and start a settlement within the present boundaries of the city of Seattle; that

was more than a year previous to the recording of the first plat of the town. Under the provisions of the act of Congress commonly known as the Oregon Donation Law, he claimed a quarter section of land, having a frontage on the west shore of Lake Washington, and was an active member of the pioneer community, becoming a justice of the peace and a county official. Furthermore, he was the teacher of the school in which I learned to read and spell all the words in Webster's old blue-covered "Elementary Spelling Book."

My schoolmates of that time were of all ages, from men of forty down to children just old enough to be in kindergarten. Clark had rare ability as a teacher of such a school, and his pupils advanced rapidly. Though usually kind, he kept on hand a supply of hickory gun-rammers, which he applied painfully,—as I remember. When in one of his bad moods, he would sit behind his desk, wearing a dark and solemn countenance; then all realized that somebody was going to "catch it," and there would be perfect silence in school and strict attention to study, until the call would come for selected victims to "come out here." He never assailed a grown man, but some of the older children received chastisement not merely severe but cruel; the most flagrant instance being an unmerciful whipping of a fourteen-year-old girl.

It is recorded in history that the first sermon preached in King County, in which Seattle is situated, was delivered by Clark in a log house built

for a boarding-house for employees operating the first steam saw mill on Puget Sound.[1]

There is a conflicting statement in Grant's "History of Seattle," to the effect that the first religious service held in Seattle was by the Catholic Bishop Demers, in 1852, and the second by Rev. B. F. Close, a Methodist, who came to Olympia in the summer of 1853. Some of the pioneers were truly pious and there was general respect for religion and the forms of worship; in Snowden's "History of Washington" the name Clark may have been erroneously substituted for Close; but religious services without the presence of a minister were not uncommon, and Clark may have preached a sermon, as a layman, previous to the first appearance in Seattle of the Methodist minister.

The following narrative runs parallel with the thread of history, without pretense of accuracy as to either dates or details. Readers are expected to make allowance for the degree of license deemed legitimate by romancers in weaving historic events and personages into a fabric of imagination. Historic fiction, if not defamatory, contributes to the general store of knowledge by illustrating the characteristics and habits of people at a given period of time and stimulating interest in historic research; nor is it more likely to perpetuate misinformation than are allegorical paintings and sculpture.

[1] Snowden's "History of Washington," Vol. III, p. 122.

It has been said that into every novel the author writes some part of his own life. In this instance all the writer's personal experiences that have any relation to the narrative have been told in the preceding pages. Having stated the time, place, and conditions under which I became acquainted with my leading character, I drop into the background, and the ensuing story will reflect naught of my own personality.

C. H. H.

CHAPTER I

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YOUTH

Edward Clark Claxton, second son of an English country gentleman,—reared in an atmosphere of refined society and under the influence of the best of parents and home surroundings,—was at the time of his graduation at Oxford a finely developed young man, physically, mentally, and morally. He was generous, genial, honest, intellectual, optimistic; and these excellent traits were reënforced by a definite purpose to lead an upright life.

Being a second son, he was not restrained by a sense of responsibility for the future maintenance of the family estate and its dependents. Too independent of spirit to give himself up to a life of leisure and pleasure, he adopted literature as a profession, and, determined to sever the ties that he believed might restrain his ambition, he departed from his native country. His father and mother loved him, and their approval of his plan of life was reluctantly though wisely given.

He was loved also by a young lady, suitable in every way to be what she became, his lifetime companion and helpmate. Claxton and his bride,

after visiting places of interest on the continent of Europe, came to the United States, and he became a citizen of this Republic. With the liberal sum of money that his father had given to him, he provided an elegant home in New Jersey and founded *The Expositor,* a high-class monthly magazine, which he edited and published for many years.

In their charming home there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, in the year 1826, a son. This son at thirty years of age was the unhappy schoolteacher mentioned in the previous pages.

At that time the second Edward Clark Claxton was, in personal appearance, a pale man of slender figure, about five feet ten inches tall, fair, with eyes brown and bright under a broad high forehead; a nose slightly hooked; thin lips; a pointed chin; jaws sufficiently angular to denote strength of will and pertinacity; fine hair,—thin but sufficiently abundant for a complete head cover; a brown mustache thin and cropped close; a bearing graceful, manners suave, except when anger superseded his self-control. From hat to shoes, his attire was always neat and becoming. In any company he would command the respect due to an educated gentleman.

How could a man of his type and antecedents have wandered so far from an attractive home and have repudiated the surname of respectable parents? The narrative which answers that question teaches the lesson that the charity that cov-

ers a multitude of sins should leaven righteousness; for they that take pride in self-righteousness do but err in harshly condemning others.

It will be inferred, and truly, that Clark was like his father, reared in an atmosphere of the best society and under the influences of the best of parents and home environment. Like his father, he developed into a fine young man and his good character was reënforced by a definite purpose to lead an upright life. Before he was twenty he knew that Matilda Mason loved him and he reciprocated her affection ardently. He was punctilious in attending the church of which her father was pastor, where his soul took delight in hearing her sweet soprano voice singing in the choir; and his mind was deeply impressed by Dr. Mason's fervid prayers and powerful sermons that called sinners to repent and confess their faith in Calvinistic doctrines as the only means of escape from consignment to the Calvinistic hell.

In perfect sincerity Clark responded to that call, enlisted in the army of the Lord, and became a leader among the most zealous young church workers. Those were happy times when, reposing full confidence in him, the pastor encouraged his hopes of consummation of matrimonial union with the girl whose heart he had already won. Church services and meetings and social assemblies were not too frequent when it was sanctified bliss to escort Matilda to and from these

gatherings; and very frequently Clark rode as her cavalier on horseback, when exhilarated by country air, her cheeks would glow with health and joy. Mounted on her fine chestnut horse, wearing a riding habit trimmed with military buttons and having a long, rippling skirt,—that snugly fitted her form above the waist, Matilda was certainly good for a lover's eyes to look upon. Modest as she was beautiful, she was too candid even to try to conceal either her admiration of her comrade or her pride in the consciousness of his admiration of herself.

In both these young beings piety was genuine and earnest; but the exuberance of youth and innocence could not be suppressed by ascetic deliberations upon Calvinistic doctrines. They were witty and jolly, the world seemed bright to them, and their hearts swelled with an indwelling sense of gratitude for the joy of living. Cantering by Matilda's side, under the spell of enchantment wrought by the fascinating grace of every movement of her head or hands, the music of her girlish voice, and the magnetism of her flashing eyes, Clark gave his soul full liberty to drink at the fountain of bliss. He was unmindful of any possibility of disappointment to shatter hope and bar his entrance into an earthly paradise, for he had no comprehension of Emerson's philosophy of compensation, according to which, evil like a parasite, sucks tribute of sweetness from every blessing; every joy has its counterpart in grief,

and as the highest flood tide is succeeded by a correspondingly low ebb, so excess of happiness produces conditions that augment the burden of oncoming sorrow. He thought that compensation was rendered by reciprocity in love, by giving joy for joy received, by willingness to undertake any task assigned to him in God's field of labor, and by unstinted gratitude to the one Giver of every good and perfect gift.

And so the love of this couple thrived innocently and knotted the ties that entwined their two hearts in hallowed union, to which Clark remained ever faithful and loyal. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," is a text often misinterpreted in meaning by ignoring entirely the divine agency in the attachment of a man and a woman to each other, qualifying them for lifetime companionship.

Dr. Mason disobeyed that commandment of the Master whom he professed to serve, and thereby committed a grievous wrong, fraught with sad consequences to his daughter and to Clark. In the order of events, however, other occurrences must be told before that error can be explained.

CHAPTER II

ORDINATION OF A MINISTER

One evening when Clark was a junior at Princeton, his father, intending cautiously to intimate the hope he entertained that his son might adopt his own avocation and become his associate in business, said to him:

"Ned, most authors have to persevere against the lack of early appreciation; some of the best things in literature have been rejected by publishers. Now, if you feel any inclination to give your brains an exercise and have ambition to read some of your own originalities in print, *The Expositor* will make your beginning easy."

Quick to perceive the ulterior object of his father's suggestion, Clark answered:

"I thank you, Father, for the very kind invitation, and I will write a contribution; but as my first production in that line of work may not be either wise or witty, I will not expect or wish to read it in *The Expositor,* unless, in the exercise of your abilities as a critic, you can discover merit in it. Even so, I may not follow the lead and become an author. I may be able to do more effective work as a speaker than as a writer."

The intimation was understood and Claxton, remembering his own independence in choosing a profession, did not urge his own desire to affect the choice of his son. Clark had pondered over the subject without having consciously taken a definite resolve, but now, his mind being awakened by the allusion to it in words spoken, the subject became one of present importance, and naturally he hastened to talk about it to Matilda.

A woman's intuition is quick and unerring, and instantly upon his asking for her views respecting the subject and intimating the possibility of his becoming a minister, there came into her mind an indefinable foreboding. But, candid as her nature was, fearing to combat a purpose which she perceived was, or would certainly become, dominant, she repressed an impulse to express disapproval, and answered him with mild raillery, saying:

"O Clarkie, I admit that you are really good and pretty smart; but no man ought to ever think of being a preacher, you know, unless he can be a great preacher, like Father. Now, sir, will you dare tell his daughter that you have conceit enough to imagine yourself in his pulpit and, by the power of your eloquence, lifting the whole congregation to the highest plane of spirituality, and compelling sinners to flee from wrath and seek salvation?"

Her words failed to sting, because he was by love incased as by an impenetrable armor, and,

while speaking, her eyes were upon him, expressing love and admiration that contradicted all that seemed disparaging in what she said.

"Now, Tillie," he said; "if I had to go into the work single, I would not be here asking for your advice; but we together can do some good, and with God and you helping, I will not be a dull preacher."

"Stop, you funny man! However can a man preach who makes such a jumble in one sentence, first the pronoun 'we,' implying that just you and I are to be a team, and then you annex me to God. Am I to be translated, and up in Heaven assist in passing down the inspiration necessary to tone up your sermons?"

"Translated! I pray not, while I shall need to have you close at hand! You will not have to become an angel in order to serve as a medium for the transmission of grace and holiness to vitalize all the latent powers of body and spirit. With you to sympathize, criticize, and counsel, the best that there is in me,—all the talents I have, —will be actuated to endeavor. According to divine economy, not a celestial being, invisible and apart, but a human companion, a woman, is the complement of a man while living on earth. The infinite wisdom of God, incomprehensible to finite intelligence; manifest in created matter, animate and inanimate; in the earth with its divisions of land and water revolving in space, lighted and warmed and bountiful in reproducing in ever re-

curring seasons sustenance for innumerable living inhabitants of forests, plains, mountains, flowing waters, deep seas, and for birds that fly in the air; in the bright metals and gems that reward toil in uncovering their rock-walled hiding-places, and in the firmament surrounding all, studded with glistening stars symbolical of the eyes of omniscience penetrating every nook and niche, so that not even the least of little things may be displaced unnoticed by Him, ordained that dominion of the whole earth should be given to man, the noblest of all created beings, whose excellence He certified with the stamp of His own image and whom He animated with life by His own breath and made the abode of an immortal soul. And then there was added to nobility the beauty of woman and the joy of love. And to me there has come the supreme blessing of a right to hope for a companion through life's journey, whose soul and mine are already matched and fused. Can a recipient of divine favor, appreciating as I do the unending obligation thus imposed, hesitate to engage in the work to which I am called, or fail to accomplish it according to the measure of the talents I have?"

Smiles and tears in Matilda's bright eyes accentuated her acknowledgment of the power of her lover's eloquence.

And then a message came from Dr. Mason, requesting Clark to come into the library room.

Being there seated, after a brief pause the pas-

tor, looking grave, in a kindly tone addressed Clark, saying:

"My son, you have wisely hearkened unto wisdom, and in your youth have given your heart to Jesus, and have been received into His fold. You are fortunate in having the means to obtain a complete education, which can be made most useful in the Master's service as a minister of the gospel. Are you willing, if called to that work, to consecrate your life, your talents, your education, and all that you have and are and hope to be to the glory of Christ and his Church?"

The young man was not in any mood to criticize, but the question, phrased as it was, grated harshly upon his sensibilities. The name of Jesus thrilled him; at mention of the Master, he instinctively bowed his head; but the glory of Christ and his Church was suggestive of worldly vanity and incongruous with his feelings at the time. Therefore, evading a direct answer, he said:

"I have very recently commenced to think seriously about the question as to what my calling in life shall be."

Having drawn out that intimation, the pastor said:

"Ponder well and prayerfully the suggestion I have made, for the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

Then, bowing his head, he made a short fervent prayer for Divine guidance to direct the young man in choosing the course he should take.

If anything more had been required to lead Clark to a decision, that prayer was sufficient; and before taking his departure he announced that he had heard the call and gave answer:

"Here, Lord, am I."

Matilda knew that he had done so, and thereafter she could make no opposition. Obedience to parental authority was a cardinal principle in the discipline of Dr. Mason's household. "Honor thy father" was part of the commandment that had been, by many repetitions and much emphasis, so thoroughly woven into the warp and woof of Matilda's mental and moral system that she was more submissive to her father than loyal to God, and knowing that her father wished Clark to be a minister, there could be no further questioning in her mind respecting that matter.

Having been graduated and taken a post-graduate course in theology, Clark presented himself to the official board of his church as a candidate for ordination, and was licensed to preach for three months, while his fitness was being considered and inquired about.

At the end of that period he was granted the privilege of preaching in Dr. Mason's pulpit. The church was filled to its limit of capacity; Matilda, in the choir, sang with new interest and a degree of sweetness never excelled by her,—a sweetness that thrilled her lover. Clark delivered with animation a wholesome discourse, taking "Truth" for his theme and the Ninth Commandment for

his text. He explained that ill-will is the soil in which suspicion germinates false insinuations, which, growing by repetitions, need only uncharitable inferences from circumstances to mature into slander; and he exhorted his hearers not to harbor ill-will.

By the coincidence of subsequent events, it transpired that the sermon was prophetic of the injury to himself that blighted his career as a minister.

The sermon was deemed satisfactory, although the elders regretted his failure to come out strong in doctrine. The official board of the church was convened to consider further the application for ordination and to take final action; the committee on candidates for the ministry submitted a favorable report, Clark gave an account of his religious experiences and call to preach, and was carefully examined and cross-examined on doctrine. Profound study of church history and theological subjects had led him to put faith in some of his own ideas, which the elders were strongly inclined to regard as heterodox, and he might have been halted and barred from advancing on his intended way, if his inquisitors had not partially forgotten him in the warmth of a discussion that they got into respecting priesthood after the order of Melchisedec. The pastor's prayer, also, exerted a potent influence in his favor.

A ballot-box was placed upon the altar, and

with the utmost solemnity the moderator admonished the members, saying:

"Let each brother now come to the altar and kneeling there, in token of humble submission to our Heavenly Father's will, vote according to the dictation of his conscience,—'Yes' or 'No,'—upon the question: 'Shall the candidate be chosen?' The white balls elect, the black reject; two black balls will bar the brother from entering the ministry of this church. Be careful how you vote."

No black balls were cast; and a month later the ordination ceremonies were held, and Clark began to work as temporary supply for a church in need of a pastor. There he continued for nearly one year, and his preaching and services were quite satisfactory; he declined to accept a call to become the regular pastor, because he had a notion that he ought to do some good and gain experience in home missionary work while he was young and foot-loose. That thought was closely allied to another, which Dr. Mason approved, involving postponement of his marriage to Matilda until he should be settled as the regular pastor of a church.

Dr. Mason easily convinced himself that sincere regard for the welfare of his daughter was his governing motive in that matter. But, in addition to that, he knew that Matilda could not be taken from the active working force of his own church without leaving a vacancy that could not be filled; and on that account he was reluctant to let her go away.

CHAPTER III

A SEA CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

In the year 1847 the ship *Madonna,*—of Bath, Maine, Captain Giles,—sailed on a voyage from New York to China and return. The Captain,—being a part owner of the ship and having an extraordinary record of more than thirty years' service as a ship master, without any mishap to any vessel in his charge,—was accorded the unusual privilege of taking his wife and daughter with him on that voyage. When the ship returned a year later, the daughter came back an orphan. Both her parents having died at sea, their bodies were disposed of in the usual manner by being dropped into the deep ocean.

Candace Giles, then a young woman of twenty-five, was not an extraordinary person, just a comely, clever Yankee girl. Having no near relatives, she was both lonely and independent, and being free to accept a proposal from Etienne Brosière, a Canadian sailor, who was second mate of the *Madonna,* she did so; and the marriage took place without unnecessary delay.

That she might not be left alone, Candace persuaded her husband to retire from his occupation

as a mariner, and they secured a tract of land, and started to make a home in a sparsely inhabited region in St. Lawrence County, near the northern boundary of New York. A settler's cabin was built, and a start made with a team, cow, pigs, poultry, and a garden; then to earn money, Brosière went to work peeling hemlock logs for tan-bark, in which employment he was accidently killed.

The widow's loneliness in her isolated home was made drearier by the unfriendliness of her nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Scenter.

By other inhabitants of that region Candace was regarded as a mystery. Because of her experiences in having sailed over oceans, visited strange countries, and the sea burial of her parents, the imaginative backwoodsmen thought of her only as they would if she had been an immigrant from another planet.

Mrs. Scenter, however, was different. In times when a combination of malice, superstition, religious zeal, and suspicion might condemn a mere woman to suffer an ignominious death as a witch, she would not have hesitated to contribute one or more of those ingredients to initiate criminal proceedings against her afflicted neighbor. Mrs. Scenter was a sharp-visaged, long-nosed, gossiping, meddlesome person; her only sphere of usefulness was in the rôle of a tormentor, bent on trying the patience of those that might be made better by severe discipline; she was malignant,

and her meek, cringing husband was just smart enough to be a dangerous instrument, ready at hand for use in working out her wicked designs.

CHAPTER IV

EXPERIENCES OF A HOME MISSIONARY

The district comprising the homes of the Scenters, Candace Brosière, and about two dozen other settlers had been seldom visited by a protestant minister, so that the rarity of the occasion, as well as the interest of some, brought them all to hear Clark preach on a Sunday in September, 1850, when he came to their district schoolhouse, pursuant to an engagement previously made. He had spent the summer of that year preaching, baptizing, and doing general missionary work along the Northern frontier. He was there ahead of time, although, to keep his appointment, he had walked since daylight that morning from Galilee,—a village sixteen miles distant.

Being weary and hungry, he was surprised at the conclusion of the forenoon service at the neglect of everybody to offer him customary hospitality. American pioneers of that period were invariably generous in hospitality to all strangers and travelers, except preachers; and it was marvelous that even a preacher should be left by all of his congregation without a door opened to receive him for sustenance and lodgment. How-

ever, the whole congregation went home for dinner, and returned for afternoon service.

Clark led in the singing of hymns, read a chapter, prayed, and preached, and baptized three infants. When he had pronounced a benediction he was faint and very hungry and so dazed that he did not realize fully what had transpired, until all were gone from his view and, apparently, he was again alone.

A chilly wind was blowing and a rainstorm was in prospect. He deliberated whether to brave the inclemency of fall weather in a night tramp back to Galilee or stay in the shelter of the schoolhouse and suffer the pangs of hunger all night, or enter a house uninvited and ask for necessary sustenance. He had in a general way observed the directions given to the disciples:

"Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither two coats apiece. And whatsoever house ye enter into, there abide, and thence depart."

In the first half of the last century, Lorenzo Dow was a privileged character, known East and West and North and South. He used to make long excursions as an itinerant preacher, always unequipped, and he chose for himself the houses in which to abide, and the times of his coming and going. The cordiality of the welcomes extended to him may well be doubted, but entertainment was never refused.

By birth and training Clark was a gentleman.

He could not be uncouth as was Lorenzo Dow, nor masterful in a stranger's house as was Peter Cartwright. It was a new experience for him to need an invitation; he was mentally depressed, and while his thoughts were concentrated upon his unpleasant dilemna a woman appeared and spoke to him modestly, saying:

"If you will come to my house, I will be glad to have you. I could not ask you until I knew that none of the others would do so."

The woman was Candace Brosière. Clark's deliberations ended abruptly, for the solution of his problem seemed to be obvious.

The Brosière house had two rooms, and it contained one bed enclosed by curtains supported on high posts. When Candace and Clark arrived there she quickly started a fire in the stone fireplace, and hung an iron tea-kettle on the crane; then attended to milking and feeding chores, while the guest rested, reclining on a wooden bench, with a pillow under his head. Rest and a good supper dispelled weariness, his spirits revived, and he was thankful.

After concluding her housekeeping duties, the dishes and pots and pans being washed and the room tidied, Candace sat down for rest and conversation. Clark interested her, and her spirits rose up out of the gloom and depression so long endured. He, in turn, became deeply interested in the story that he elicited of her voyage on the *Madonna* and the sad incidents attending it. Be-

fore separating for the night, Clark read a chapter from the Bible and made a prayer.

Candace then indicated that he was to sleep in the only bed the house contained, and tried to insist upon giving it up to him; but he was positive and firm in refusing to take it, and slept very well on the bench with a blanket, a comforter, and a pillow.

When he departed after breakfast the next morning they both were free from any pang of regret for any word or act that their consciences might have censured, and the turmoil was causeless that presently broke loose and shattered all Clark's hopes for the time being,—changed, indeed, the whole course of his life. To him it was more surprising than would have been a sudden thunderstorm on a bright midsummer day.

CHAPTER V

SLANDER

Unaccountably, the ever-alert Mrs. Scenter had not seen the couple together when Candace conducted the minister to her house, but Clark did not pass her unobserved the next morning. Seeing him coming from the direction of the Brosière place, Mrs. Scenter instantly perceived that an opportunity for a great sensation had come. A man and a woman, not married to each other, had spent a night, with no other company, under the same roof,—the man an itinerant preacher, and the woman supposed to be no better than she ought to be. No protest of innocence could prevail against those incriminating facts.

Clark approaching her, said:

"Good morning."

And he politely and gracefully lifted his hat, bowed to her respectfully, and would have stopped to converse with her, had he not been startled and intimidated by the fierce glare of the eyes confronting his. Thus repelled, he merely bowed and passed on. Her evil mind interpreted his greeting as though it had been something sinister and satanic, and his evident embarrassment in leaving as confirmation of her worst suspicion.

Among works of art of the highest merit, there is a painted picture representing the scene when Christ spoke the words: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." In it there appear a number of men and a boy, each supplied with stones, ready for pelting a terrified girl. The depicted faces of some express cruelty, some are blazing with simulated indignation, others, covered by long whiskers, bespeak false humility and hypocritical sorrow. Now, in the malignant stare by which Mrs. Scenter spurned the preacher, there was concentrated all the varieties of fiendish glee and sham virtue that the artist put into the whole group of volunteer executioneers, and her acts were correspondingly ferocious.

Very little time was wasted before the circulation of gossip was started. Mrs. Scenter was punctilious in adhering to literal truth,—as to mere words,—in all her statements; but she was an adept in misusing facts as one might arrows that carry poisoned shafts. By emphasis, vehemence, digressions, interrogations, the high pitch of her shrill voice, the piercing stare of her gimlet eyes, the nervous twitching of the muscles of her sallow cheeks, and gesticulations, she could compound enough sophistries, insinuations, and suspicions to tarnish any reputation. With the help of talebearers and the diligence of her subservient husband, she could disturb the peace of

the neighborhood; and there was no redress for the injuries her malice inflicted.

Law lecturers and text writers maintain that for every wrong the law affords redress. But laws, like the men who make them, are fallible; and it must be admitted that the general principle of a legal remedy for every wrong has its limitations. Persons and property and pecuniary rights are given the most ample protection; character, as affected by reputation, is something for which the law has tender regard, yet verbal slander is not punishable as a criminal offense; nor is it sufficient basis for a civil action to recover damages, unless a case can be established by proof, bringing it within the definition of actionable slander, which is comprehensive of the following divisions:

1. Words *falsely* spoken of a person, which impute to that person the commission of some criminal offense involving moral turpitude, for which the accused, if the charge were true, might be punished.
2. Words *falsely* spoken of a person, charging that he or she is affected with a contagious disease, which, if the charge were true, would exclude the person from society.
3. Defamatory words *falsely* spoken of a person, which impute to that person unfitness to perform the duties of an office or employment of

profit, or the want of integrity in the discharge of the duties of such office or employment.

4. Defamatory words *falsely* spoken of a person, which prejudice such person in his or her profession or trade.

5. Defamatory words *falsely* spoken of a person, which, though not in themselves actionable, occasion that person special damage.

The term "special damage," in this connection, implies deprivation of temporal advantages capable of being valued in money. Mental anguish can only be considered, if at all, as an aggravation and not as a substantial element in a cause of action. A pestiferous instigator of slander may be a neighborhood nuisance and be invulnerable within the protection of the law, so long as his or her mischief-making activities are restricted to mere talk, with due care to say nothing untrue in a literal sense, according to the common and ordinary meaning of words and phrases. Suggestive simpering and mannerisms may be all sufficient to betray malice and incite gossip productive of harm, without creating any liability that the law regards as cause for retribution.

Lest Clark should exculpate himself with any who might need guidance in forming a first opinion respecting his conduct before she could expatiate on its enormity, Mrs. Scenter went by a path that made a short cut from her own house to the next habitation to be passed by him in go-

ing by the public road, and arriving there in time, she directed attention to him when he came into view, saying to those present:

"See who's coming. Where's he coming from? Who lives out in that direction? Where do you all suppose that preacher stayed all night? Not in our house, I can tell you that for certain. You can see for yourselves the direction he's coming from. That is one thing that will not depend upon my word alone for proof. You can see for yourselves if you use your own eyes. Mebbe you can guess whose house he slept in. At any rate, you ought to know whether he traveled this road before since daylight this morning. Do you think he did? Or don't you know perfectly well that he didn't? Him preaching to us to make us good, and then staying all night, and Sunday night, too, alone with a hussy in her own house! Did he stay in your house? I'm not saying that he didn't. You can answer that, and you can find out whether he stayed anywhere among respectable folks, if you ask all of them. There he goes slinking away without stopping. Ashamed to speak. Mebbe the look I gave him when he smirked at me settled him."

Then changing her manner, she gave, without invectives, an intelligent and true report of his salutation, his momentary halt in her presence, his repulse by her attitude, expressive of condemnation by silence only, the blanching of his pale

cheeks and his evident embarrassment as he passed by her.

Clark pursued his journey, leaving the settlement without calling upon, or speaking, to any of his auditors of the preceding day, and the gossips were left unopposed in traducing him; and Mrs. Brosière was the only one among them all who had earned Christ's commendation in the words:

"For I was anhungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

The storm had burst and Clark Claxton, like a doomed ship in a tempest too strong for the mariner's skill to contend against, after a few weeks devoted to futile endeavor to vindicate his character, was silenced as a minister by the judgment of his church; and the hand of church fellowship was withdrawn from him.

CHAPTER VI

A MINISTER UNFROCKED

It taxes credulity to believe that a truly righteous man could be ruined by the condemnation of an organized body of Christians; imagination cannot solve the problem of how much a thing could have transpired. Therefore, the following statement of the proceedings having that culmination is necessary.

The first step was a story written by Mr. Scenter, sent by mail to the Board of Home Missions, under whose auspices Clark Claxton was working. He was required to answer this paper, and did so, asserting his innocence, but admitting the facts and setting forth the circumstances. The Board then sent a representative into the settlement to make careful inquiry. His report confirmed Mr. Scenter's story and Clark's explanation of the reasons for accepting the hospitality extended to him; and added that among her neighbors the woman was regarded as an object of suspicion; that her antecedents were unknown, except that she was the daughter of a sea-captain, and that her deceased husband was a French Canadian, who had been a sailor; further, that by the pre-

vailing sentiment in the little community, Clark and the widow were deemed guilty of gross impropriety, if not actual immorality; and that the parents of the infants christened by him desired to have them baptized by another minister. On that report, Clark's employment by the Board was discontinued, and the question as to his guilt, or innocence, was left for his own church to decide.

On his trial by the church, Dr. Mason, considering himself an interested party, by reason of his daughter's betrothal, spoke not a word against Clark nor in his defense. Strong testimonials as to his piety and good works from members of the church he had served as temporary supply, and many others who knew of his work in the missionary field, were submitted. Hon. Henry Kingston, one of the pillars of the church, an able lawyer and a judge, made a powerful argument defending him, maintaining that he was not only innocent of any offense, but a missionary who, being faithful in his Master's service, had suffered persecution, as foretold by Christ himself when he commissioned his disciples to go into the world and preach.

After commending the good character of Clark, proved by the testimonials and by the exemplary life he had led from boyhood,—as all members of the church well knew,—Judge Kingston pointed out that the natural improbability that a man of his character,—engaged in his calling, when all of joy to which his hopes were anchored was ever in

his mind, as a reward to be earned, or sacrificed, by his own behavior,—was of itself sufficient to preclude suspicion, save in the minds of evil thinkers. Then, in a lawyerlike manner, he argued the case, showing that there was not any positive accusation of a specific offense nor evidence sufficient to justify a finding that an offense had been committed. He said:

"A member of the church, a minister of the Gospel, is arraigned to plead guilty or not guilty, although no one has been candid or bold enough to write or utter a word signifying a criminal or immoral act. The prosecution is based wholly upon a defamatory tale,—defamatory only because mischief breeders, who delight in scandal, have drawn unwarranted inferences from facts. The admitted facts are all consistent with innocence; other facts proved by uncontradicted evidence furnish a reasonable explanation of the minister's conduct, and every inference of misbehavior is denied. By the laws of this country, no person can be convicted of a crime on circumstantial evidence alone, unless the circumstances proved are so connected as to constitute a complete chain, all consistent with guilt, and inconsistent with any reasonable hypothesis of innocence. That is a rule emanating from reason, and consecrated by the suffering of every person unjustly convicted in disregard of its precept. Let this very case illustrate the principle.

"What inference can be drawn from the facts

different in kind from an inference that might be supported by an argument, more plausible than any to be heard on this trial if drawn from the circumstances when the prophet Elijah, in time of drought and famine sojourned with a widow who had, when he came to her, but an handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse and who boarded him while the famine lasted? The Scriptures suggest no thought of a suspicion against Elijah and that widow; on the contrary, a miracle rewarded her generous hospitality, for while the famine continued, the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail."

Judge Kingston's peroration ended with the solemn warning:

"Touch not mine annointed and do my prophets no harm."

His defense was combated by Twistam Dire, one of the elders,—a very bigoted man, who assumed that guilt was confessed because some facts were admitted, and he attributed the minister's downfall to what he termed "the foundation of sand on which he builded, instead of choosing the rock foundation of sound doctrines."

The vote decisive of the case was by ballot, and by a majority of three Clark was convicted. There was manifested regret and weeping, and if the laws of the church had permitted a reconsideration, there might have been a different con-

clusion; but the determination by ballot was irrevocable. A man's rights were dissipated like chaff blown by a strong wind; and the church voluntarily sacrificed a talented and faithful minister.

CHAPTER VII

FILIAL OBEDIENCE

To be slandered by subtle innuendoes; convicted on a mere surmise of a moral delinquency; arbitrarily debarred from continuing in the work of his calling, deliberately chosen and entered upon with enthusiasm, and ousted of rights and privileges conferred by his ordination, was cruelty that must have vitalized a dormant savage within Clark's breast. That is, at least, a probability plainly indicated by the excessive severity with which he used the rod when he became a schoolteacher in Seattle, and by the cold, remorseless cruelty which he instilled into the soldiers whom he subsequently commanded and trained to use their weapons in battle effectively. He suffered as only a sensitive person could suffer from such treatment, but in his veins coursed the blood of a proud ancestry, and his spirit was unbroken.

His fortitude was again tested in an interview with Dr. Mason, when he was informed of the cancellation of his betrothal to Matilda. Young Claxton faced Matilda's father with neither bravado nor meekness of manner; and stated his case with candor, saying:

"I feel that I have the right to expect justice in your individual judgment. As an honored and beloved pastor you are required to maintain the unsullied honor of the Christian ministry, not only by the purity of your own life but, like a brave soldier, bound in the hour of peril not to desert a comrade, you are obligated not to forsake one who, in the Master's service, has encountered enemies of truth and righteousness. Every accusation made against me by word or insinuation is false. I have faithfully observed the charge by which you admonished me as part of the ceremonies by which I was ordained. I have remembered her, who is dearer to me than all else on this earth and have been true to her. Come what ever may come, I will continue to be loyal to her, and adhere to my own resolution to lead an upright life. I am ready to take my place at her side, to cherish and defend her and be a true man, notwithstanding my calumniators and notwithstanding the ballots cast by misinformed men, who exercised for the time being authority in the church. My conscience is clear, and for my vindication I array the intelligent fair-minded members of the church, who voted to sustain me, against the bigotry which cast me out. I feel warranted in saying that flagrant injustice carries, over the head of its intended object, condemnation to its authors. I am young and strong; the best of life is ahead of me, and I intend to deserve respect."

To this the pastor responded, saying only:

"I hope that you may wisely acquiesce in my determination,—which is final,—that my daughter shall not bear the burden that your name would impose."

There was a painful pause, then Clark arose to depart, but before going, he answered Dr. Mason's ultimatum in a clear voice, saying:

"In your decision I do not acquiesce. My affectionate regard for your daughter remains undiminished; her affectionate regard for me cannot be transferred to another. I am pledged to her and will fulfill my obligation whenever the barrier of your opposition to our marriage shall be removed."

The spirit of the young man and the subconsciousness of his own injustice spurred Dr. Mason to hasten in his endeavor to bring the affair to a final and definite conclusion. In his view, it was unthinkable that his daughter should become the wife of an unfrocked minister and excommunicated church member. The thought that her right to decide for herself a question of vital importance affecting her own physical, mental, and spiritual well-being, either did not obtrude itself into the workings of his mind or was instantly suppressed. And so, without deliberating, he made this rejoinder to Clark's bold declaration:

"The barrier will not be removed; my disapprobation will be effectual after I am gone as well as while I live. And now, to save my daugh-

ter, and possibly yourself, from embarrassment in bidding farewell to each other, I will take upon myself the duty of informing her that I have requested you not to call upon her in my house; and I will instruct her not to meet you elsewhere."

He hastened to inform Matilda of his interview with Clark and then said:

"Now, my daughter, I wish you to give me your irrevocable promise that you will not be married to Mr. Claxton while I live, nor afterwards."

His words, uttered with stern determination, were equivalent to a sentence, banishing all hope of joy from Matilda's life; so, bowing her head in token of submission, the grief-stricken girl answered: "Father, I will not be disobedient."

And then she was mercifully relieved from the necessity of making a more explicit promise by the swelling of her heart which well-nigh strangled her. For a moment she gasped and would have fallen, if her father had not caught her and carried her to her own chamber.

The pallor of her face and her unfeigned agitation should have warned him to desist from adding to her distress by persisting in his demand for a promise to be kept after his death, but his determination made him cruel, and he gave her an imperative command not to speak to her lover, nor receive from, or send to, him any communication whatever.

While he was speaking she swooned, and her

collapse was followed by a nervous fever and several week of serious illness.

Thus, a Christian minister, whose principles were uncompromisingly antagonistic to lawful divorces, and who had many times admonished others in the words of the scriptures: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," committed a sinful error, by exerting his parental authority in a vain attempt to sever the sacred ties that bound two innocent lives. The agency of men in uniting a man and a woman in a mere ceremonial marriage cannot be effective against man-made laws and decrees of courts, but bonds that which God himself hath sanctioned do not dissolve at the dictation of a despotic parent.

CHAPTER VIII

DEPARTURE FROM HOME

During the time of his work in the home missionary field Clark had been regular and punctilious in writing letters to Matilda, keeping her informed of all the happenings in his experiences, and when news of the accusation against him reached her the shock was moderated by knowledge of the circumstances on which it was founded, as well as by her womanly intuition, whereby she was assured of his her lover's innocence.

She was indignant and brave, while she could pray for his deliverance from evil consequences, although remembrance of her own indefinable foreboding,—felt at the time when Clark broached his thought of becoming a minister,—oppressed her.

When the church convicted him, if she had been free to act in harmony with the promptings of her own heart, loyalty to the man she loved would have ruled her conduct, and she would have linked her life with his, in defiance with the church and all the world, except her father. The kind of obedience that was ingrained in her nature was

of the excessively overwrought quality; she could not refuse to make any sacrifice demanded by her parent. He was like old Jephthah in estimating his daughter as a minor quantity in comparison with his own selfish pride; and she was like Jephthah's daughter in submissiveness. Matilda would have yielded her life for sacrifice, if her father had required her to do so.

But duty never imposes conflicting obligations upon the same person at the same time. Matilda's illness postponed fulfillment of her engagement to marry Clark, and also saved her from humiliating pain in having to repudiate her vows of love.

Her recovery to health was slow, and after convalescence she remained docile and listless. Without becoming actually insane, she was like one whose soul has departed, leaving the body a deserted habitation.

While the fever imperilled her life, Clark could do nothing but wait; and afterward, owing to the persistent opposition of her father, he could in no way contribute the consolation of his love to aid in bringing her back to health. Realizing that time was essential to the solving of the problem confronting him, Clark decided to go away in order to avoid the vexations that must continue while he was debarred from association with Matilda.

A sympathetic lady, who was a mutual friend of the lovers, acted as Clark's messenger, and endeavored to explain to Matilda the necessity

compelling his departure, reporting to him afterward that the young girl was, apparently, too much confused to comprehend the matter or make any response.

Clark Claxton was not degraded in the estimation of his parents, and respect for them obliged him to consult with them. They advised him to retire to the Claxton estate in England, where he would have received a welcome; but, like his father, he was too independent of spirit to subside into a life of leisure and pleasure, and he persuaded his parents to approve his determination to go far away and rely upon his own abilities and exertions to earn wealth and deserve honor. He accepted from his father a parting gift of one thousand dollars, and without informing others of his intentions, departed.

Out into the wide world Clark Claxton went, toward what destination he knew not, his desire being to get out of the environment in which he had suffered injustice, and be guided by circumstances in finding a starting place for a new career, or perhaps merely a place to abide until he might return to claim his reward for patient fidelity to the woman he loved.

His only adieu was in a brief note addressed to his father and mother, in which he said:

"I am going away for an indefinite time. I do not know where I shall locate. Be assured that, come what may, I will ever adhere to my resolution, made long ago, to lead an upright life."

Within this he enclosed a sealed note addressed

to his mother, confiding to her his secret hope in these words:

"To you, if any one, Matilda will come to make inquiry concerning me. I have no hope that she will do so while existing conditions continue. By and by she may. Then tell her I will come back. Those two words—'Come back'—printed at the bottom of the last page of any number of *The Expositor* will summon me."

CHAPTER IX

A MINERS' COURT

Clark's family name, to which dignity and honor had been added by each succeeding generation of its bearers, was stigmatized by Dr. Mason. His words, "My daughter shall not bear the burden your name would impose," cut a deep wound in Clark's sensibilities and rankled there. It was only by reason of association with himself that the name could be offensive to any one, and he thought that the stigma would fade if he disconnected himself from the name. Accordingly, he resolved to earn a good reputation for himself among strangers under the name of Edward A. Clark.

In New York City, where he tarried for a day, he casually met Candace Brosière, who greeted him with sympathetic friendliness. He could not hold her in any way responsible for the injustice that had cast a shadow upon his life, and knowing that she had necessarily suffered from the slander,—which had been originated by her wicked neighbors to injure her as well as himself,—he, too, was sympathetic, and reciprocated the friendliness of her greeting. He told her of the action

of his church, but was careful not to make her a confidante with respect to his deepest sorrow nor his plans for the future nor the dropping of his surname.

Candace, speaking candidly, said:

"From the time of my husband's death, my life in the little home he had provided was dreary. Until you came, no one was kind to me, and after that I could not remain there. I was lucky in having an opportunity to sell all my property, at a low price, for cash; and I am going, by the steamer route, to California, in company with a lady and her two little boys. Her husband is there, and they are going to live there. I found the chance to go by answering her advertisement for a lady companion. The long journey suits me exactly, for I want to go as far as possible away from the meanest people inhabiting this earth. I have heard that there is plenty of wickedness in California, but I would rather live there or in China, or in purgatory, than in St. Lawrence County, while Mrs. Scenter is there. It would have been hard to restrain myself from taking revenge by some desperate deed, if I had not remembered that in one of your sermons you said that malice recoils and avenges the injuries that it inflicts; for 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Still, I want to keep out of the reach of temptation."

Wishing her a safe and pleasant journey and a happy life, Clark bid her adieu and these two sep-

arated, without any expectation of ever meeting again. For that reason the woman felt a pain in her heart; for Candace knew that she loved him. It was quite natural for a young woman in her situation to idealize a young gentleman of fine personal appearance and graceful manners, who had once broken the spell of gloom that had depressed her continuously for many months and who had been slimed by the same odium that had been emitted from a slanderer's tongue, with design to outrage herself.

She did not, however, betray to Clark her sentiment. She had been well brought up by a good mother, and by nature and training was too modest to express by word or look any suggestion of a cause for the regret she felt at parting.

But Clark did not need other warning of danger than the sorrowful experiences that had already embittered his life, to put him on guard. He knew, instinctively, that it would be embarrassing to be located in her neighborhood, and he was glad to be apprised of her intended pathway in time to steer a course for himself in a different direction.

He wandered for a few weeks, while training himself not to forget his new name; and in Wisconsin he tarried and was employed as teacher of a country school for one term of three months.

Desiring to live in a good country, he passed in review all he could recall of knowledge concerning Texas and the country west of the Rocky

Mountains, with the result that Puget Sound became fixed in his mind as the most attractive locality, and he decided to go there overland, by way of "The Oregon Trail," a partial description of which, by Francis Parkman, he had read.

That published narrative suggested the idea of making Independence, Missouri, his outfitting and starting point. Arriving there in June, 1851, Clark was fortunate in finding a party bound for California,—having a complete outfit of mule teams, saddle horses, provisions, guns, and ammunition,—that had been delayed in getting started by the illness of one of the members, a homesick young man. An ailment, common among inexperienced campers, was sufficient to discourage him, and he was rejoiced when he found Clark quite willing to purchase his interest in the expedition for a price exceeding the amount he had invested.

Clark did not try to drive a hard bargain, being glad of the chance to travel with a party equipped to go faster than most of the emigrants could travel with ox-teams. The party was made up of Missourians,—active young men, well mounted, armed and eager to fight Indians, if any should give provocation. He found the company congenial, and enjoyed many incidents of the summer's journey.

The Indians manifested no disposition to attack a party so strong and well armed; but in passing through the region inhabited by the Pawnees, the

men relieved each other in guarding at night the camp and the animals. In a few instances assistance was given to other immigrants, by using the mules to help pull heavy loads over bad places where they were stalled. Once an outlaw of the plains,—a white man, who appeared to be destitute and hungry,—was treated humanely for two days; then, being an ungrateful degenerate, he refused to comply with a reasonable request to do a share of camp work, and leaving the party, went to sponge upon others.

The greatest hardship endured was in traversing reaches of arid plains between watering places, when the animals suffered most. The men of this party travelled not rapidly but almost constantly by day, spending no time in indulging in hunting for mere sport; but enough game was killed to satisfy their requirements for fresh meat.

On arrival at Sacramento, the party disbanded, after making an equitable distribution of common property. San Francisco was the commercial metropolis of the entire Pacific Coast, but Sacramento was near the center of mining activity, and being the capital of the new State, it was the rendezvous of politicians, miners, speculators, and gamblers, which made it a place too interesting to be passed by in haste. The atmosphere in which mountain and seacoast airs are blended, was fresh and delicious to those having recently journeyed across the plains, and the people of that time may be likened to a re-assembling of the scattered

builders of the tower of Babel. Every race, color, and type was represented; all were strangers to one another, yet, in the prevailing cordiality, all were as familiar as if they had always been friends. One or two days' time was sufficient for newcomers to become sufficiently identified with the life of the place to feel, and to be regarded, as on a plane of equality with the oldest inhabitants.

Clark was at once imbued with the California spirit, and he thoroughly enjoyed the newness of everything. He formed many acquaintances, and soon became a warm friend of a brilliant young lawyer, named McConaha, who, like himself, came to the Coast with a view of making Puget Sound his destination. McConaha subsequently followed Clark to Seattle, took an active part in Washington Territory affairs, and was drowned when returning to Seattle from Olympia, after the adjournment of the first session of the Territorial Legislature, in which he had served as a member and president of the upper branch.

The placer mines near Sacramento were at that time yielding gold liberally to industrious miners, and Clark was enticed to defer continuation of his journey and try to increase his capital by mining. He was fairly successful, gaining thirty-five hundred dollars as the net profits of six months' labor.

One of the most startling incidents of his life occurred during this period. Two brothers, named Abner and John Peter Carlton,—who were

members of the party with which he had made the overland journey,—had mining claims a few miles distant from where he was working, which the owner of an adjoining claim, named Alsater, desired to purchase for less than the price that they were willing to sell for, and he had devised an atrocious scheme to get the property.

One day Abner came to Clark, greatly agitated, and told him that a miners' court was being organized for the trial of his brother upon an accusation by Alsater of stealing gold from a sluice-box; that there had been a fight, in which Alsater was the assailant, and he had been worsted and thrown, or knocked, down and the wrist of his right arm was sprained so badly, as he pretended, that he could not use his revolver or he would have shot John Peter; that the fight had occurred near a sluice-box owned by a third party not otherwise concerned and that there was no witness to the beginning of the difficulty to contradict Alsater, who would swear that he had come upon John Peter as he was in the very act of taking gold from the sluice-box, and made the attack to prevent consummation of a crime.

The situation was very serious; the mere convening of a miners' court presupposing the commission of a crime, punishable, according to custom, by hanging. The proceedings were always summary, affording the least possible time for the happening of any extraordinary circumstance whereby an accused person might escape. The

case against John Peter seemed to be complete. The fact of the fight, and the time, place, and manner of it were incontestable; and those circumstances, corroborating the testimony Alsater would give, were sufficient to overwhelm any man having nothing to rely upon for his defense except his own bare denial of guilt.

It was necessary to think and act quickly. Clark did so. He thought of lawyer McConaha, and, without a moment's hesitation, he instructed Abner, saying:

"My horse is the fastest and the toughest horse in this camp. Take him and ride to Sacramento, —ride for life; ride faster than you would for your own life; ride for your brother's life,—and get lawyer McConaha to come here! Tell him I sent for him, and what for."

Having dispatched Abner on that errand, Clark went to attend the miners' court, arriving in time to participate in the organization. He declined a nomination for president of the court, and was excused from voting on the ground that he was a friend of the accused.

A "Miners' Court" is simply a dignified name for a meeting of miners, called by a verbal notice circulated throughout the undefined boundaries of a mining camp. All who hear of it in time attend, and all are entitled to participate in the proceedings, including the execution of the accused and the drinking of whiskey, which concludes the ceremonies. The determinations of the

courts were always, like the findings of a grand jury, the expressed will of the entire body, as though by a unanimous vote. Dissenting votes were not counted.

By reason of undue haste, in some instances it had transpired that the life of an innocent man was sacrificed, and such occurrences afforded ground for Clark to work upon, in an appeal which he made to the spirit of fair play, in asking for a postponement of John Peter's trial until the arrival of McConaha, or the return of Abner.

A few miners spoke strongly in favor of proceeding in the usual manner, but better counsel prevailed. The majority felt that it would lend *éclat* to the occasion to have a lawyer of high reputation come before them and exert his abilities in a vain effort,—for they never doubted that the outcome of the case would be as already prejudged. Accordingly an adjournment was taken, and John Peter was kept closely guarded.

McConaha's reputation had been gained by his display of his ability as a forensic orator in a number of cases, rather than by recognized skill as an advocate, and nothing was expected from his appearance in the case but moving eloquence. Therefore, the method of his defense was a complete surprise. He came imbued with a sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon him, but calm and self-possessed; his elegant poise as he entered the reassembled court and bowed deferentially, first to the president and then to all the

other triers, made an impression that put the assemblage upon its dignity. Instead of delaying the proceedings with expected loquacity, he remained quiet while the president stated the charge against John Peter Carlton, and required him to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" of an attempt to steal gold from a sluice-box. To this the accused answered: "Not guilty."

Still the lawyer remained silent while Alsater was sworn and gave the testimony that he was expected to give, in which he laid particular stress upon his inability to use his revolver, by reason of the injury to his wrist in his encounter with John Peter.

When the lawyer arose, instead of commencing a voluble speech, he asked permission to cross-examine the witness, which was granted. His only preparation for the trial had been to obtain from Clark a sack of golddust, containing all that he and the Carlton brothers possessed. Deliberately placing a chair, and sitting facing the witness, the lawyer asked questions and elicited answers as follows:

Question: Mr. Alsater, did Carlton have a revolver when you made your attack upon him?"

Answer: "If he did, I didn't see it."

Q. "Do you own a mining claim?"

A. "Yes. But he was not stealing gold from my sluice-box."

Q. "I desire to purchase your claim [exhibiting

the sack of gold]. Will you name the price for which you will sell it to me?"

A. "I did not come here to sell my claim."

Q. "I wish to buy it. What price will you sell it for?"

A. "I don't want to sell. My claim has nothing to do with this case."

Q. "You may not wish to retain it after this trial is finished. I offer you the chance to sell now. Will you name your price?"

A. "I understand your threat, and I am not going to be bully-ragged by any lawyer."

Q. "Is your claim worth ten thousand dollars?"

A. "I wouldn't sell half of it for that much."

Q. "I am not trying to buy a half. Will you sell the whole of it for ten thousand dollars?"

A. "That hain't got nothing to do with this case."

Q. "Do the Carlton brothers own two adjoining claims,—one of which joins your own?"

A. "I don't know what they own. I mind my own business, I do."

Here the lawyer paused to make a note of two prevarications.

Q. "Did you ever try to buy from Abner and John Peter Carlton two mining claims, which you supposed that they owned?"

A. "Oh! I suppose that I jist asked them."

The lawyer noted another prevarication and an important admission, which Alsater let slip, being

aware that others present knew the facts.

Q. "Did you offer them one thousand dollars for each of their two claims?"

A. "Mebbe. I don't know if I did, or didn't."

Q. "Is your wrist very much swollen?"

A. "I don't know what you call much swollen."

Q. "Will you remove the bandages and permit these gentlemen to see its apparent condition?"

A. "I say, I won't be bully-ragged by no lawyer. My wrist hain't got nothing to do with his stealing."

Q. "Were you disabled or in any way prevented from using your revolver before you attacked Carlton?"

A. "I didn't want to use it then. I jist thought I would grab him."

Q. "Is not Carlton a much larger, heavier, and stronger man than you are?"

The answer to the last question was obvious; the two men being there on exhibition before the court, and it was not answered by the witness.

Q. "If you have any explanation to make concerning the matters I have enquired about, you may make it now. I have no other questions to be propounded."

Alsater knew that he was discredited; he was cowed, but he managed to say in a whining tone:

"I've jist got this to say: If you men won't hang a gold thief, then any honest man hain't got no show in this country."

McConaha's manner when he arose to address the court was magnetic, and in a persuasive voice he said:

"Mr. President and gentlemen: It must be plainly apparent to you all that the charge against my client has no foundation, except in the cupidity of his accuser; and it has been dissolved by his admissions and prevarications as a witness. You cannot hang a man on the uncorroborated testimony of a single witness, shown to have a motive for wishing to put out of the way an owner of property that he covets and is unwilling to pay a reasonable price for; and who makes the sham pretense that he, when in possession of a weapon which he could use, assailed a man bigger and stronger than he is, whom he surprised in the commission of an offense that only an armed and desperate criminal would dare to undertake. I submit the case for you to decide as your good sense shall dictate."

A verdict of "Not guilty" was agreed to quickly by a vote that was really unanimous, Alsater being excused from voting.

Then there was a cry of "What about Alsater?"

A miner vociferously declaimed:

"He's tried to murder an innocent man, and the coward thought we would do the killing."

Several responded: "We ought to hang him! We will hang him! Hang him! Hang him!"

One recited Alsater's own words: "I've jist

got this to say: If you men won't hang a gold thief, then any honest man hain't got no show in this country."

The court was reconvened. A president was elected, and Alsater was about to be arraigned, McConaha stepped forward, and extending his arm in a gesture to command attention, he began for the second time in one day, a single-handed combat against the determination of more than one hundred resolute men. In this instance he was a volunteer interposing to avert a fate invited by the malice of a most despicable wretch. A new Haman was in danger of being hanged upon a gibbet contrived by himself for the execution of an innocent man. There was nothing available other than the power of speech to save him, and nothing could be said in extenuation of his offense. The sacredness of human life and respect for the law had to be the basis of the only argument that could be made to sway the minds of men, accustomed to hold life cheap and the law subordinate to the will of the populace. But for the respect which personal courage commands, McConaha's voice would have been drowned by the uproar of an impatient audience. He was not tall, his figure was slender, his head was not massive; nevertheless, his mien was kinglike; he had magnetic as well as intellectual power and in speaking, his voice had tone and rhythm indicative of strength and cultivation; hearing him once begat a desire to hear him again.

On the instant that the assemblage subsided into silence, he began, saying:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: In the drama of life there is assigned to every human being a part to act upon the world's stage. The best of characters and the meanest have each a time to be seen and heard, and all are necessary to the completion of the plot composed by the great Creator. The wretch now about to be arraigned has a part assigned to him; you, individually and as a body, have a part; I have mine, and now is the time to be heard, that I may remind you of the sacredness of human life; in the hope of justifying to my own conscience and to your consciences the result of this day's proceedings.

"I came here by request to prevent by invoking your manliness and good sense, an act of foul injustice, which every man of you knows well would have caused the deepest regret, if it had been consummated, as it would have been, if you had not been guided to a righteous judgment. I came here not to contribute to the unlawful condemnation of another object of vengeance to suffer an ignominious death upon the gallows. For his offense there is no palliation, I offer none; he should be punished; he will be punished; his punishment is just as certain as the wrath of God. He is amenable to the laws of the land for a criminal attempt to instigate murder and the laws are adequate for their own vindication. And there is other punishment from which he can by

no means escape. Despised as he is and must be, he will be henceforth barred from the society of his fellow-men, and he cannot even associate with a cur dog, without feeling the sting of an internal consciousness of his own inferiority. Hold him, then, to be dealt with as the law prescribes; and leave him to suffer the punishment that natural law inflicts with unfailing certainty.

"The Constitution of the United States, ordained to secure the blessings of peace and liberty for all the people of this great Republic, to which we all owe allegiance, shields and protects citizens in the mining camps of California, as elsewhere. Eternal vigilance to keep down the spirit of disloyalty to the Constitution is the price of liberty. Do not harbor in your breasts the fatal delusion of a belief that the boon of liberty, so dear to the children of American patriots, can be for long enjoyed in this new State, if the record of her citizenship shall be stained by continuance of the custom of substituting the rage of the populace for enforcement of the law. The Constitution provides that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; and I tell you plainly that so-called miners' courts are unlawful and the execution of an offender, pursuant to the sentence of any such self-constituted tribunal, is a usurpation of power and a violation of the Constitution.

"The aspect of this case that is of greatest importance for you to consider is in the effect of

your action upon yourselves. The case just disposed of illustrates the insecurity of life which, by reason of the prevailing custom, menaces every man here. A malicious slander by any irresponsible person, connected with circumstances apparently incriminating, may be sufficient tomorrow or any day to call the most respected man among you to meet a fate dictated by a thirst for vengeance.

"There is another aspect in which this subject should be viewed, in the light of the philosophy of human life. By birth, one life is given to every man. What is life? It is force, a power limited by the span of time allotted for its existence. It is endowed with the attributes of intelligence, self-control, and feeling to enjoy and to suffer; its function is to create and develop an immortal soul. The character of every person is a growth, a progressive development, gauging and indexing the quality of the soul which is its companion. The premature extinguishment of a life arrests the soul's development, and the consequences are everlasting.

"To be the actor in causing a necessary death, under any circumstances, imposes a solemn responsibility to be regretted. To be the voluntary agent for the unnecessary deprivation of a man's life, unripe for death, is a sin certain to indent and disfigure the sinner's soul.

"All of you have, or have had, homes in which fond mothers have nourished you and prayed that

your souls may be pure and made fit to dwell with theirs in paradise. Some of you have left behind you sisters, sweethearts, or wives and children. They are patiently waiting for your return; in your own homesick hearts, you are hoping that the time may not be long before their soft arms will encircle your necks and, gazing into welcoming eyes, you will receive loving kisses upon your weather-browned cheeks. Shall they and you be disappointed? Shall the hangman's noose take the place of a sweetheart's arms, and welcome you to a dishonored grave, instead of to a home made joyous by your return? Or shall you, in the glad hour of the full fruition of your fondest hopes, be made to recoil and shrink before the specter, which memory will suddenly reveal, of another California gold-seeker, who by your vote and your hand has been deprived of the right to felicity like that of which you might, but dare not, partake?

"I call upon you to act the part of noble men and patriots, in putting an end to this reign of terror; and to add luster to the glory of California, by making her a land of peace and liberty, regulated by law,—comporting well with her fame as a land of gold and sunshine and flowers."

The first man to break the stillness, which succeeded the conclusion of the speech, called out: "Well, boys, as I feel now, I guess I will not take a hand in any more miners' court proceedings."

The next man to speak made a motion to send Alsater to the county seat and deliver him to the

sheriff and to give information of his criminal attempt to the prosecuting attorney. And that motion was seconded and carried.

A few weeks subsequent to this occurrence, there was circulated in Clark's vicinity a report that a woman in San Francisco was trying to find a man named Claxton, who had left his home in New Jersey suddenly. This announcement was recognized by Clark as a notice to move on.

CHAPTER X

A PIONEER OF SEATTLE

Speedily and quietly Clark disposed of his property and went to San Francisco, trusting to luck and caution to pass through the city without being discovered by any person who had known him where he came from. He knew that vessels were engaged in bringing cargoes of piles from Puget Sound, and it did not take long for him to arrange for his passage on the brig *John Davis,* commanded by Captain George Plummer, who was for many years subsequently a well-known Pacific Coast navigator. On this occasion he was sailing on a general trading voyage and to obtain a cargo of Puget Sound timber.

The brig carried one other passenger, an Englishman, twelve years older than Clark, named John Harvey, who was born and had grown to manhood on the Claxton estate, and when a small boy had known Clark's father as a young man. He proved to be an agreeable shipmate, and relieved the tedium of the voyage by narrating many incidents of life on Clark's ancestral estate. The two passengers became firm friends, although Harvey did not discover the identity of his new friend until several years afterward.

The voyage terminated when the brig came to anchor in Elliott Bay, into which she was steered, after Captain Plummer had been informed by Indians that white people were there and that Dr. D. S. Maynard was about to locate a salmon fishery there. The two friends landed on Dr. Maynard's premises, and were so well pleased with the harbor and its surroundings and the people already located there that they both decided to remain.

Possibly the town had been projected, mentally, previous to their arrival, but the first time the name "Seattle" appeared in print was subsequent to that event, and the first plat of the town was not recorded until May, 1853. Until March, 1853, all the Puget Sound country was included in Oregon. Then, by an act of Congress, the organization of Washington Territory was provided for, with boundaries including all of the three hundred thousand square miles of country, which American immigrants had wrested from the grasp of a British corporation, not included in the present boundaries of the State of Oregon. Isaac I. Stevens, a man of extraordinary capacity, was appointed governor of the newly-created territory and made commander of an expedition to make a preliminary exploration and survey for a railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. His chief assistant in that work was Captain George B. McClellan. In subsequent chapters it will appear that in

the achievements of those two historical persons Clark performed a part.

The first sermon preached in King County was delivered by Clark in a log house. The small company of pioneers that became the founders of the city of Seattle requested him to conduct a religious meeting, because they felt the need of something to start civilization and consecrate the land before they proceeded to make an onslaught upon the tall timber, which seemed to hold possession as hosts of the Almighty. It was young Claxton's last sermon. After that, he never manifested antagonism to the cause that he had once espoused with so much zeal, but, by keeping aloof from devotional assemblages and silent as to religious topics, he acquired the reputation of being a backslider. He became a county official, a justice of the peace, and a school-teacher, and established himself in business as an artist. Likenesses on glass, called "ambrotypes," preceded photography and makers of them were styled "artists."

Clark Claxton was engaged in this occupation, and prospering in it, when the summons came which he expected and longed for. Previous to his engagement as a school-teacher he had been employed by Captain George B. McClellan as a clerk at Olympia, assisting in digesting and arranging data from which the voluminous and very valuable report of Stevens' Exploration and Survey of a route for the Northern Pacific railroad was made up and written.

The extraordinary capacity of Governor Stevens was recognized in a substantial manner, by adding to his duties and responsibilities as Governor and chief of the railroad exploring expedition an appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the whole region west of the Missouri River and north of Oregon Territory, which caused to devolve upon him the special duty of opening the country, legitimately, to settlement by white people, with the acquiescence of the Indian occupants. To do this, it was necessary to negotiate treaties with many tribes for the relinquishment, as original occupants, of their rights to all the country not specially reserved for them. He carried out the pacific policy of William Penn, and was generally successful. But American immigrants had already taken possession of the country, while the National Government had, pursuant to treaty stipulations with England, refrained from asserting its dominion. The white men's coming was deemed aggressive by some of the tribes; there was a disposition to reject overtures for peace and to exterminate the invaders, and, thus, the Indian war of 1855-6 was unavoidable.

Hostilities commenced with the murder of several white men. Friendly Indians gave warnings to defenceless settlers to seek safety, if they would escape from the slaughter that had been planned, and, as a consequence of failure to heed such warnings, several families in King County were

massacred with the attendant horrors usual in savage warfare. Three small children belonging to one of the murdered families were spared, and credit for that extraordinary instance of mercy may be justly ascribed to providential interposition in direct answer to prayer for their deliverance. Their home was assailed by several of the Muckleshoot band, including their chief, who understood the language and religion of the Americans. When the head of the household had been fatally shot, the defenseless mother was killed while upon her knees, uttering a prayer that her children might be saved, and the chief heard and understood her. He explained to the other Indians that as protection for the children had been invoked by the mother's prayer, the Great Spirit would be angry if they were harmed, and he interposed his authority to the extent of pushing aside muskets that were aimed to kill them.

Left by themselves after the death of their parents, the children were in a deplorable situation, and they realized the necessity of depending upon their own efforts for relief by going somewhere away from their desolated home. The eldest,—a boy seven years of age,—took the youngest child upon his back, and the other, a girl of five, by the hand, and they trudged for miles in the direction of White River. Heartsick, weary, and hungry, they halted by some burning logs near a garden, from which they obtained potatoes that they roasted and ate. There a motherly squaw found

them, and she assisted them in going on to her wigwam by the river and hid them under mats while other Indians were passing. Finally she made her husband take the children to Seattle in a canoe.

In the war various military expeditions and sorties were conducted by small detachments of the regular army, which, though in some instances disastrous, were in general effective, and would have been more so, but for the obstinacy of the aged General John E. Wool, who was the commander of all the regular troops in the Department of the Pacific. He wrangled with Governor Stevens and made trouble by his peevishness and expressions of contempt for the volunteer soldiers.

The Governor was obliged to organize volunteers, whose operations he directed in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief. In every locality where a number of able-bodied men could be mustered, a company was organized. There was a paper organization of an army, and an imitation War Department at Olympia, in charge of Adjutant-General Tilton. The whole number of officers and privates enrolled was less than two thousand, including two companies of friendly Indians, and the highest number effective at any one time did not exceed one thousand. The paper army formed two regiments, and some of the companies constituted actual battalions; but in most of the operations each company acted as an independent

corps. They were not uniformed, their equipments were poor, and their rations inadequate, yet they performed arduous services in scouting, cutting trails through forests, and guarding strategic points at night, while, without murmuring, they endured hardships and faced all dangers.

King County was the seat of war west of the Cascade Mountains; and on January 26, 1856, a determined attack was made upon Seattle by a force numbering at least four hundred, as estimated from appearances of their camp, situated south of Lake Washington,—a camp that the volunteers subsequently discovered and captured, with supplies of food that the Indians abandoned, rather than fight to defend their position. The attack on Seattle was repulsed by the guns of the sloop of war *Decatur,* then in the harbor, and a company of marines on shore, with such assistance as the citizens could render. Company H, composed of these citizens, had been disbanded the day preceding the attack for the purpose of reorganization.

A new company was immediately organized by Hon. Edward Lander, the Chief Justice of the Territory, who was appointed Captain and Post Commander. At that time the inhabitants were impoverished and provisions were scarce; the main dependence of five hundred men, women and children for sustenance was upon fish to be caught, and vegetables to be raised in gardens situated in the Duwamish River valley. To raise crops,

planting and cultivation were necessary; and protection for the crops as well as the cultivators against hostile marauders was equally necessary; therefore the required defense of the valley was just as important as the guarding of the provisions and ammunition of an army on an aggressive campaign.

Captain Lander's company was designated Company A. Its strength was fifty-four men, including officers, and that was the only force available for guarding and protecting the valley. Two strong forts were built of squared logs, five and eight miles, respectively, from the town. When these forts were completed Captain Lander resigned to perform other duties, and command of the Company was assumed by First Lieutenant A. A. Denny, as brave a pioneer as ever led civilization into the wilderness. Besides performing the other duties necessary in the situation described, Company A rendered substantial service in scouting, and captured the camp of the Indians that had made the attack upon the town.

In June Denny received an order from the Adjutant-General to leave one officer and eight men to protect the valley, march with the remainder of his company to Fort Hays, and cut a trail from that point to Snoqualmie Falls. The pretense for which, as subsequently explained, was that the trail was required for the passage of a force, to coöperate with and support Colonel

Shaw, in the hostile country on the east side of the Cascade Mountains.

The designated terminal of the proposed trail was on the west side of the mountains, and a more direct road to the field of operations on the east side of the mountains had been made three years previously by Captain McClellan. Denny was not supplied with implements nor means for transportation of supplies, and to have left only nine men at the real seat of war would have been folly, which would certainly have invited disaster.

These conditions and circumstances were set forth in a courteous letter that Denny addressed to the Adjutant-General, who in reply to it said that the explanation was accepted as satisfactory, and followed that with another order to leave twenty men, proceed to Setilacoom, and march from there to a designated point, which was more distant from where the trail was to begin than was the valley where the Company was then stationed; and for water transportation to Setilacoom he was advised to make a requisition upon an agent in charge of an Indian reservation for canoes. Of course, the second order, being more impractical than the first, could not be executed, and that being explained in a letter, brought forth a third order suspending Denny and requiring Second Lieutenant D. A. Neely to take command of the company, and proceed according to the second order. Neely relieved Denny, but signed a series of resolutions, drafted by Clark, and

adopted and signed by the entire company, protesting in vigorous terms against the order, and asking for the reinstatement of Denny.

The resolutions were by the Adjutant-General deemed to be unmilitary, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzhugh was sent to Seattle to deal with the insubordinate company. Neely was required to march his company to Seattle and parade in the most public place in the village; and there Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzhugh made an interesting exhibition of himself, garbed in cavalry boots with jingling spurs, faded blue trousers, butternut-colored hunting jacket, military belt, with a sword, red sash, epaulettes, and a cocked hat. With solemn stride, as if engaged in a funeral march, he paced in front of the line from right to left, and then about face to the center; halted, and facing the company, read the resolutions, lectured the men, and commanded those that wished to have their signatures erased to step forward. His official report of this proceeding contains the following statements:

"I said all that a man could say, . . . begged them to rescind those resolutions, . . . but when the command was given—all who wish to rescind those resolutions, step forward—no one stepped from the ranks. . . . I told them that my duty was at an end and that I could do no more. . . . Still they persisted in their original intention, and I then knew that nothing more could be done, and dropped the subject."

That was on the twenty-ninth day of July. Twelve days previous to that date Colonel Shaw,

in command of the battalion on the east side of the mountains, had won a victory that virtually terminated the active participation of the volunteers in the war. He had pursued a band of hostile Indians eastward across the Columbia River and over the Blue Mountains into the Grand Ronde Valley, where the battle was fought. An expedition to coöperate with him, if the Adjutant-General's proposed trail had been cut and used, would have missed connection by more than two hundred miles. Without any formality of mustering out, the Adjutant-General tried to eliminate the company by ignoring its existence subsequent to Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzhugh's failure to enforce military discipline. Governor Stevens appears to have taken no action in the matter, other than to have set forth in a general report on the conduct of the war, which he made to the Territorial Legislature, the facts of the case and Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzhugh's report. The two houses of the Legislature, after a full investigation, adopted a joint resolution requiring the Adjutant-General to receive and file the final muster roll and place the Company in all respects on the same footing as all other companies of the regiment of which it was a part; and, by a second joint resolution, exonerated the company from blame and declared that "Company A is justly entitled to full pay for the full period of its term of service."

Nine years later the people were given an op-

portunity to pass judgment on the Adjutant-General and Denny, when they were opponents as candidates for the office of delegate to Congress. A record of cowardice, or shirking of duty, on the part of Denny in the Indian war would have constituted an insurmountable barrier to his success. His opponent was the candidate of the party that had been victorious in the last preceding election. But Denny's vindication was emphasized by an overwhelming majority.

The Company A episode was Clark's first, but not his last, experience in connection with insubordination of a military organization. The story of a more serious occurrence will be told in a subsequent chapter. In the Civil War, Clark, Bingham, and Wardell, who all served as privates in Company A, became distinguished by their respective deeds; and once, when they chanced to meet during that sanguinary conflict, reminiscences of pioneer experiences and services as comrades warmed their hearts and cemented the bonds of their friendship, despite the fact that Bingham was then a soldier belonging to the forces hostile to the government that the other two were defending.

CHAPTER XI

HOPELESS LOVE

Candace was deeply grateful for the circumstances that created the opportunity for her to escape from persecution. Travel was the greatest of luxuries for her, and at sea her buoyant spirit rejoiced in its freedom, like an uncaged starling just released from captivity. She was an admirable companion for the kind lady who employed her, and she took delight in caring for the pair of bright little boys; for several months after their arrival in San Francisco, she continued to live with them and was treated as one of the family. She had no desire to return to the States, but she missed more than one chance to secure a permanent home in San Francisco by discouraging the advances of men who would have courted her.

There was no reason to suppose that she would ever meet Clark again after bidding him farewell on Broadway, New York, and her love for the man, who had suffered because of her enemies, would have remained but an hallowed memory, had not information come to her unexpectedly, which kindled new hope in her breast. There is

a grain of philosophy in the idea that it were better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Pure love steadies character and, like an anchor, resists evil tendencies. Many a lonely woman cherishes a hopeless love, and feels strengthened thereby. So it was with Candace. She felt braver in meeting the vicissitudes of life, by reason of the secret pain in her heart, which restrained her from participating in the frivolities of social pleasure. Her affections, being anchored, though concealed and unreciprocated, ruled her conduct, and perhaps saved her from folly.

During the time of her residence in San Francisco, there were many noteworthy characters there. One was a caterer named Winn, who maintained a high-class restaurant called "The Fountain Head," as well as another styled "The Branch," which were both artistically decorated and furnished, and were frequented by the most refined of people. Winn was to San Francisco what Davenport has been to Spokane in recent times. Candace obtained a situation as Winn's chief pie maker.

Since the coming into this country of Chinese cooks and European *chefs* and dyspepsia, the idea of pie for breakfast has become a stale joke; but in the last century, pies made by our grandmothers were delicious and wholesome. Such food would never be slighted, though served three times a day the year round.

Candace was faithful in performance of her daily tasks and the excellence of her pies was highly appreciated by Mr. Winn and his patrons. Her principal duties in the baking department did not require all her time, and she gained an increase to her liberal salary by additional work during the rush hours,—such as triangulating and dishing up her own handiwork. The extra employment was a source of gratification, beyond the additional wages, for she secured a favorable position for observing throngs of people passing in and out, and she became acquainted with many of the regular patrons.

In the course of time, a young man, hearing her name, was led by curiosity to obtain an introduction and make inquiries, whereby a surmise as to her identity was confirmed. Being a son of members of Dr. Mason's church and having been at home with them at the time of Clark's trial, he was well informed as to all the details of the scandal and the name,—Mrs. Brosière,—was a sufficient indicator to justify his surmise.

Candace's annoyance, in finding that the tale had followed her was greatly modified by the young man's expressions of admiration for Clark, and his indignation on account of the injustice of the church proceedings; and she received with unconcealed interest the news that Clark had disappeared after his matrimonial engagement had been disrupted by Dr. Mason.

In that news there was a foundation for hope,

for where at that time would an energetic young man, leaving home in the East, be more likely to wander than toward the West? And where in the West would the attraction be stronger than in California? And if he came to California, would he not be attracted to the very spot where the young man stood when he gave her the welcome news? Yes; she might well hope to see the object of her love there, for in her mind the answers to these questions seemed to be obvious, and she thought that, if he should come to her disengaged, what might then happen was a matter to be left to the future. Her desire to merely see him was paramount to any dread of disappointment to follow.

For many weeks she scanned the passing throngs, and her great desire becoming more intensified, she cautiously caused inquiries for the missing one to be circulated in the city and throughout the mining regions of the State. In time constant vigilance in watching and daily disappointments had a depressing effect. She became weary and nervous; but still she watched and scanned the passing throngs. She also scanned the daily newspapers for every clew their columns might reveal; and for this she had her reward, though quite different in kind from what she had been hoping.

One day in 1857, she was thrilled by an item announcing the arrival of the bark *Madonna,* Captain Reynolds, from Puget Sound. Could it

be her father's old ship, miscalled a bark? The dear old *Madonna,* which had been her floating home for a year, and the last earthly home of her parents!

She hastened to the Stewart Street lumber-yards, and was overjoyed by seeing what she hoped to find. There, sure enough, was the vessel she had known so well; though the rigging of her mizzenmast had been changed, the well-remembered figurehead on her prow, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, seemed to smile in glad response to her exclamation:

"It is our *Madonna!* You dear old ship!"

Captain Reynolds, standing nearby, raised his hat and spoke to her courteously, saying:

"Lady, you must have had previous acquaintance with my ship."

"Yes, sir; I lived on board of her one whole year. Are you her captain now? I am Captain Giles' daughter."

Of course Captain Reynolds knew the story of Captain Giles' last voyage; and being an affable gentleman, his response was warm and hearty.

"Yes," he said; "I am Captain Reynolds, at your service. The pleasure of meeting Captain Giles' daughter, I assure you, is greater than the surprise. If my information is true, you were married to Mr. Brosière. May I inquire if he is now in San Francisco?"

"No; my husband died a long time ago. It seems like a very long time ago. That is why I

was so surprised when I read in the paper that the *Madonna* had arrived, and seeing her made me feel so queer. It is like returning to another stage of existence. Oh, it seems so very long ago! I feel like I had been transformed into some other person and that now I have been changed back into my old self again."

With the utmost cordiality the Captain invited Candace on board, with the words:

"Her rigging has been changed; but the *Madonna* has the same cabin. If you would like to visit her, I will appreciate the pleasure and the honor of escorting you on board."

"Thank you; that will be like revisiting home after a long absence. I will be so delighted."

The vessel was moored with her bow toward a pier on which her cargo of lumber was to be discharged, and to get on board, it was necessary to walk a cleated gangplank up an incline to the vessel's forecastle head. Ascending the incline ahead of Captain Reynolds, Candace noticed the first mate, Mr. Hamlin, standing at the upper end, ready to extend a hand to assist her, and thought that she knew him before he spoke.

As he grasped her hand he exclaimed:

"Hello, shipmate! Glad to see you on board." Then, prompted by her smile of recognition, he continued: "Bless my heart, she's the same sunshine the old Captain used to take his reckoning from in heavy weather."

Mr. Hamlin had been a member of the crew,

rated as able seaman, when Candace sailed in the *Madonna,* and her pet name, used frequently by her father, was "Sunshine." The greeting was spontaneous and bluff, but respectful. Candace made no haste to withdraw her hand from the strong grasp that was both a welcome and an aid to her in finishing the ascent of the inclined plank. She had never felt so free from worry and so nearly happy since the evening when Clark's conversation had interested her, and when, by his kindly manners he had dispelled for a time the gloom that had caused her to forget that her own presence had, like sunshine, brightened the lives of others.

And so, with an unwonted sparkle in her eyes, she smiled up at Mr. Hamlin's question:

"What lucky pilot brought you to this harbor?"

"Oh! no pilot," she answered. "I cannot tell you how I happened to drift in; but I am mighty glad to meet you, and feel again the deck of the dear old *Madonna* under my feet. Have you been sailing in her all these years?"

"No, not all,—but mostly. I was out of her one whole year, when they were making her over; but I was glad enough to get back on her and feel her deck under my feet when they put her in commission again."

Being conducted to the cabin, Candace was well pleased to find that very few changes had been made in its arrangements; and there she took a long rest. And there the change in her feelings,

which she had spoken of without premeditation in her first conversation with Captain Reynolds, actually occurred. For a time she was merely elated, as a woman always is, by being a recipient of polite attentions and compliments from the sterner sex. Something unusual, however, had happened; her buoyancy of spirits continued to uplift her, until restoration of her normal sensibilities was complete. It was not a case of disenchantment, in which a loved one's faults cause a sudden revulsion of sentiment; there came to Candace no feeling of dislike for Clark, but the spell of an inborn hopeless love that had enthralled her was broken, and she was happy in her new freedom.

CHAPTER XII

THE SHIP "MADONNA"

In 1824 the ship *John Jay* had her cabin refurnished sumptuously for the pleasure and comfort of General Lafayette, whom she bore across the Atlantic Ocean when he made his last visit to the United States. At that time the best means for ocean travel was by the largest sailing ships, which had cabin accommodations for passengers, and that class of vessels, plying regularly between European ports and North America, carried the mails, and were called packets.

At the time referred to, the *John Jay,* having a carrying capacity of less than five hundred tons, was one of the largest and was considered the finest of packets. In tracing the progress of the evolution that has wrought wonders in changing methods and means for carrying on the business of ocean transportation, there is to be noted improvements in packets, preceding the advent of the steam engine as motive power, which superseded wind and profanity; for in the days of windjammers profanity was deemed by ship-masters and mates essential to the exertion of sailors' strength in hauling on the braces and heaving on

capstan bars, and was applied liberally in the same way that land navigators applied it to stir the activities of army mules.

That feature adds to the interest of a story that is good as a story, whether it be fact or fiction. When it was seriously contemplated to use steam power for the propulsion of ocean-going vessels, a man eminent in the legal history of England, occupying the high office of Lord Chancellor, made a speech in the House of Lords, inveighing against the proposed innovation, on the ground that it would be sacrilege, because, as Almighty God Himself had provided wind for the very purpose, it would be unpardonable impudence to bring into competition against the power He had created any device created by human ingenuity.

Competition for trade stimulated rivalry. A packet finer than the *John Jay* had to be produced, and so the *Madonna* came forth. The day of her launching was like circus day in Bath; all the people in that home of shipbuilders and many visitors from elsewhere took an interest in that event; and when the beautiful new ship, carrying in front of her stem an image of the One for whom she was named, glided gracefully into old Neptune's embracing arms, the multitude cheered. She was then the most nearly perfect specimen of marine architecture afloat.

Fine as she was, the *Madonna* was profitable as a packet for only a brief period. Steamships were built and put into service, and the time of

transit across the ocean was reduced; so that sailing vessels had only the prejudice of old-fashioned lovers of the sea in their favor as carriers of passengers, and that counted for little against economy of time. Her owner yielding to the inevitable, chartered her to a firm of merchants, who used her for twenty years in the China trade and then, although she was still stanch and seaworthy, she was sold to George A. Meigs, owner of a large steam sawmill at Port Madison on Puget Sound, who, to reduce the expense of her operation, changed her rig before adding her to his fleet of lumber carriers.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SLANDERED AND THE SLANDERERS MEET AGAIN

Rest in the cabin of the *Madonna* made Candace feel the lure of bounding billows and the wind sweeping the ocean's broad expanse. Intense longing to sail away anywhere took control of her, and there was no reason for refusing to gratify her desire. She had saved a considerable sum of money and could afford to take an excursion for pleasure. At that time lumber vessels were the only carriers of passengers between San Francisco and Puget Sound, and to the extent of their cabin capacity, passengers were welcomed. So her application for passage on the *Madonna* was readily accepted.

Fog in the morning and wind in the afternoon mark the usual July weather in San Francisco, and the program was not varied on the *Madonna's* sailing day. Mr. Winn showed his respect for Candace by giving a luncheon complimentary to her and a party of her friends, including Captain Reynolds.

Courtesy and generosity had marked the uniform treatment that she received from her employer, and his manifestation of good-will at

the time of parting was helpful to a woman alone in the world and characteristic, too, of San Francisco pioneers.

At one o'clock the party separated, and Candace went with Captain Reynolds on board the ship and took possession of the snug little stateroom that seemed to be hers by right of former occupancy.

Half an hour later the ship was under way, and the crew were active in setting all the sails which, filled by a strong breeze, took her briskly through the Golden Gate and out to sea. Captain Reynolds believed in deep water for safety and in all his coasting voyages he avoided casualties by keeping a wide margin between his ship and the shore. The *Madonna* sailed out toward midocean a hundred miles before changing to a course heading for the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Besides Candace, the bark carried as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, a newly married couple, and a traveling showman named Gardner. Candace, by her experience at sea in the *Madonna* when her father was in command, had learned to keep in her proper place on shipboard, and her conduct afforded no cause for censure. But the other passengers had much to learn, for the *Madonna's* master was a strict disciplinarian.

Mr. Ingram was young and inquisitive,—as full of questions as a six-year-old boy. If allowed to, he would have monopolized conversation in the cabin by quizzing the Captain in regard to details

of the ship's construction, equipment, and the where, when and why of everything connected with her navigation. Discouraged by the Captain's gruffness, he plied the officers and sailors with the same inquiries, and in self-defense they resorted to the Yankee method of answering questions by asking others and hoaxing him. His young wife made a few mild efforts to restrain him, but he continued to be a general nuisance until the Captain's exasperation was vented in severity.

It was one morning when preparations for tacking were in progress. The Captain's invariable rule was to be at his station on the quarter-deck to observe and superintend the operation of putting the ship about on a new tack. When the jib, staysails, and spanker were close hauled, he always gave the final orders:

"Square the main yard!"

"Let go, and haul!"

And then the mate did the swearing while the sailors strained on the braces. On this occasion, when it was time to call the Captain, the helmsman did so by pulling a cord that rang a signal bell. As the Captain emerged from the companion-way, he came upon Ingram standing by the binnacle, and heard him ask the helmsman:

"What makes the ship turn that way, when you turn the wheel this way?"

Now, to converse with the helmsman at any time was forbidden, but to divert his attention

during the operation of tacking was an offense of sufficient gravity to be punished. So, catching young Ingram in the act, the Captain did not feel inclined to tame his words, nor lessen his physical force in shooting the gentleman down the companion-way into the cabin.

A note of the incident in the Official Log would have been necessary, if the young man had been severely injured. Therefore, it was necessary for the Captain to make careful inquiry, which he did before breakfast. Finding no indications of broken bones, no abrasions nor severe bruises, it was not deemed necessary to make a record. When that conclusion was reached, the Captain, with considerable austerity of manner, lectured the persistent interrogator and threatened to imprison him in his state room if he should again transgress by attempting to hold any conversation with either officer or seaman engaged in the performance of any duty.

Besides sharing, in sympathy, the humiliation of her husband, Mrs. Ingram had an experience all her own, in which her feelings were hurt by the rigorous exercise of a ship-master's authority.

She thought that it was a fine idea to write in her diary all the incidents of the voyage. Candace,—knowing the prejudice of old-fashioned masters of sailing vessels against any record of happenings on shipboard other than the entries in the official log,—advised her to jot down merely brief memoranda of occurrences and depend upon her memory to write a full account of the

voyage after its termination. Mrs. Ingram tried hard enough to act upon the suggestion, but in practice she was unable to abbreviate, and consequently she spent considerable time every day writing up her diary.

This might have passed unnoticed had she been discreet enough not to mention the matter. But she believed that there could be no harm in what she was doing, and so, one morning when Captain Reynolds appeared to be in a kindly mood, she asked him if there were any objection to her continuing to keep her diary written up.

"Let me see it," he blandly asked. The instant it was handed to him, however, he put it into his private locker, with the remark that it would be returned to her only after reaching Port Madison.

The other passenger gained some wisdom from the recoil of a joke that he perpetrated upon the crew. He was a character, of the Yankee showman type common at that time, though his personality was extraordinary. Like the Kentuckian who asserted that he was "born a Colonel," Gardner was born a showman,—a man having the combination of peculiarities that constituted his makeup could not be anything else. His equipage consisted of a canary, educated to perform a few cunning tricks, and a small cabinet containing some articles convenient for use in his own performance of tricks in magical art.

But the most interesting features of his shows were himself and his clothes. He was tall and

slender, his wrinkled face was pale as chalk; his blue eyes were set deep in their sockets; his long hair was black as a crow and terminated in a mass of curls that clustered at the nape of his neck,—the density of its color being matched in his long pointed mustache. He wore an extraordinarily tall silk hat, a Byron collar, a brilliant red necktie, a double-breasted waistcoat of elaborately embroidered silk, nankeen trousers, patent leather boots, a long-skirted frock coat of black broadcloth and, on his bony fingers, imitation diamonds. He was a walking advertisement of his business, for he certainly looked and dressed as is expected of a magician, and his appearance in any frontier village was enough to attract attention and excite curiosity, which had to be satisfied by seeing his show.

Several of the sailors had served on vessels in every quarter of the globe and they were well informed in respect to oriental jugglery. Sailors have respect for passengers who are sensible and genial, but they have an instinctive antipathy to those who are sour of disposition and unsympathetic. It is an irresistible impulse of theirs to apply pet names and nicknames expressive of their sentiments towards one class or the other.

The *Madonna's* crew, without being familiar or impertinent, adopted for Candace the name of "Sunshine," and to the showman, they gave the name of "Hindu,"—at first,—but after his attempt to create amusement at their expense that

appellation was corrupted and changed to "Hoodoo."

It was on a clear, moonlit night, and the ship, impelled by a strong wind, was bounding along at a good speed, when Gardner, to astonish the sailors and practice the art, exerted his power as a ventriloquist.

Taking a position in the cockpit by the taffrail, where the officer on deck and the helmsman could see that there was no perceptible movement of his head, hands, or body, he repeated the hailing word, "Ahoy!" three times very distinctly, and in a way that made it seem to come from a point ahead of the ship's bow.

The second mate's watch was on deck at the time, and he, being alert, called to the lookout:

"Look alive there! What's ahead?"

Before the bewildered man could answer, from the main truck was shrieked the word: "Spooks!" which was followed by: "Ha—ha—ha—ha!" resembling a jester's horselaugh. Then, from the foretop the name of the German steward, "Hans," was called.

This was all within a few seconds of time; but the mate, after his momentary surprise, was quick to comprehend. Stepping up close to Gardner and speaking in a low tone, he said:

"You had better go below before the crew come aft."

The quiet, decisive manner of his speaking prompted the performer to act upon his sugges-

tion without waste of time, and he disappeared into the cabin.

The sailors were also quick to comprehend. Though superstitious,—as all sailors are,—they were not scared by the weird trick, but were provoked to resent what they considered to be a slur upon their intelligence, and so they planned retaliation.

They first incited Hans to express his indignation in the presence of the Captain. So, before breakfast was served the next morning the steward, speaking in English more broken even than usual, due to his excited state of mind, addressed Gardner; and after reciting what had occurred and declaiming against the foolishness of trying to make believe that spooks were on the ship, he upbraided the embarrassed showman with all the vehemence of his emotional nature.

The Captain, who had been an interested auditor, in a manner half serious, half humorous, cautioned Gardner not to play pranks on a sea-cook, and told him that the ship's steward is the only man that a master need fear at sea.

"Because," he said, "it is so easy to *make the coffee bitter.*" And he added: "I would be sorry to have Hans leave this ship. I believe that he can be trusted so long as he is not mistreated."

The hint was not lost on Gardner, and his nervousness was poorly concealed. He barely tasted his food at breakfast and his coffee was left in his cup.

The steward, noticing this and surmising that the cause was suspicion of himself, had another outburst of indignation. He hotly declared that he would be well satisfied if Mr. Gardner would starve himself to death and go to that place where he would have his spook for cook and himself for meat to be roasted.

The unpleasantness of these occurrences affected every one in the cabin; so much so that Candace in the rôle of mediator took the matter in hand, in order to put an end to open manifestations of ill will.

Speaking to Gardner privately, she said:

"Being a New Englander, as you are, and a professional magician, you ought to be more philosophical than to punish yourself by unnecessary fasting. The circumstances were too trivial to be remembered in a way to cause continued annoyance."

A Yankee appetite at sea seconded her suggestion and Gardner very cheerfully offered to apologize to the steward, but Candace said:

"No; an apology from a passenger to the steward would be contrary to the discipline of the ship and be deemed cause for a contemptuous rejoinder. It is only necessary for you to behave as if the vexatious incident had not occurred."

Thus assured, Gardner said:

"I thank you for putting me right, and I promise to behave like a gentleman and try to be a model passenger."

To the steward she said:

"You have resented Mr. Gardner's use of your name in his attempt to create amusement; and his joke is on himself. Now you ought to be satisfied. Others in the cabin are tired of thinking about it, and you make us uncomfortable by the way you two men glare at each other like deadly enemies. There should be no further reminders of an incident so trivial."

"Oh, very well," said Hans. "I will not see if Mr. Gardner glares; I will be more satisfied if he shall have a good appetite, but I will not make other passengers uncomfortable."

By the tact of Candace in obtaining these promises, the fued was subdued, and the cabin's tranquillity was restored.

But the real opportunity for the sailors to pay Mr. Gardner what they considered his due was brought about by the appearance of a large whale, which came near to the ship and accompanied her for several hours, swimming along a parallel course, not more than a hundred yards distant, like a friendly convoy.

When the afternoon dog-watch came on deck, all hands came aft and signified a desire for an audience with the Captain. Their spokesman informed him that the crew understood the presence of the whale to be a sign that there was a "Jonah" on the ship who must be cast into the sea in order to save the ship and the lives of all others on board, and that there could be no un-

certainty in this instance as to the identity of the man representing Jonah,—the oddity of his appearance, the weirdness of his art, and his power to make a spook talk being all-sufficient to designate the person.

Captain Reynolds allowed the man to finish his address, then answered that he guessed "the *Madonna* could carry all 'Jonahs' who paid their fare," and that "no damned whale could take a passenger out of her." Then deciding not to allow the joke to be carried any farther, he sternly ordered the men to go forward and attend to their business.

The action of the crew, however, had the effect intended. It left Gardner uncomfortable,—as any person must feel whose conduct has called forth a demonstration of ill-will from a body of men.

Later on, the presence of the whale as an omen significant of disaster promised to prove more than a mere hoax.

It was the morning of the seventh day out; a falling barometer presaged the approach of a storm, and the ship was hurriedly made ready for heavy weather. Under rapidly darkening skies sails were taken in, and all loose things about the deck and in the cabin and galley were put in their proper places and made snug. Only the fore- and main-topsails, the trysails, jib, and spanker were set.

When the northern gale swept down with a velocity of sixty miles an hour the topsails were

reefed, and, with her head to the wind and close-hauled, the ship was hove to, and kept so for twelve hours, while the force of the gale continued.

There are times when the Pacific Ocean repudiates its name, and this was one of them. In demonstration of its power, mountains of water rolled high in white-crested ridges, which the ship was obliged to surmount, or founder; the main deck was awash, and for safety of the officers and sailors it was necessary to stretch life-lines fore and aft and athwart-ship. Fortunately, the *Madonna* was not only a staunch ship but was so well ballasted and trimmed as to give her the greatest possible buoyancy. A gallant bark and a brave captain and crew matched strength and skill against the fury of the elements, and they survived the contest without the loss of a sail or a spar.

How the world loves a sailor; and how a sailor loves the sea! Captain Reynolds stayed on deck all night, and his first exclamation when he entered the cabin was:

"Lord, but I'm sorry for all the poor devils that had to be ashore in such a storm as we had last night!"

When it was safe to carry more sail, the topsails were reset and the *Madonna* sailed ahead on her course,—cautiously, until it was deemed certain that the gale had no trailer, and, as her hull was rocked by the heaving billows, the grace-

ful undulations of her masts were not less expressive than the sidewise movements of a proud woman's head when a personal triumph thrills her.

Candace came on deck and watched with delight the unfurling of sails, noting the responsive acceleration of the vessel's speed. She was sentimentally conscious of participating in the ship's fancied pride, and in her breast there was a feeling of *camaraderie* with the beloved object, as though it were animated,—a thing of life capable of appreciating admiration and affection.

The night of the storm had been one of anxiety for all, but Candace slept peacefully throughout, and dreamed one of those strangely impressive dreams that do not fade from memory when the sleeper wakes.

In her dream there was the vision of a ship,—beautiful, with all her white sails set and drawing, which gave her a graceful motion and running speed; and the dreamer was making great exertion to overtake her,—whether by swimming, flying, or running was a matter not taken note of, but, somehow, she was making vigorous exertion to reach a ship that seemed not a phantom but real. Then the vision changed, and she seemed to see, in place of the ship, her mother, dressed all in white, with her luxuriant hair hanging loose and draping her shoulders.

The lovely vision seemed to be waiting for her

to approach, and, when finally Candace came very near, she spoke the one word:

"Mother!"

That utterance was in the dream, yet it was also real, and it caused her to awaken.

Her mother had loved the *Madonna;* her life, ere its close, had been made supremely happy by the inestimable privilege of being her husband's companion on his last voyage. Out on the broad ocean, her soul had followed his from earth to heaven, and, now again upon the same ship, afloat at sea while a tempest raged, the daughter left behind was strengthened and comforted by the dream as she would have been by the actual presence and love of her mother.

The experiences of the voyage were not all unpleasant nor exciting. The meals served in the cabin consisted of plain food, well cooked; the passengers and officers seated together at one long table; all enjoyed the breakfasts of corned-beef hash, bread, butter, syrup, rice, hominy, and coffee; the dinners of boiled corned-beef, potatoes, baked pork and beans and pudding, and the suppers of cold corned-beef, hot biscuits, and tea.

Mr. Hamlin, always jovial, was entertaining as a spinner of sailors' yarns; the performances of the trained canary were amusing; Candace and Mrs. Ingram were friendly and companionable; and the magician kept the inquisitive passenger from becoming low spirited, by teaching him a number of sleight-of-hand tricks and playing

checkers with him. So the days at sea were neither unpleasant nor monotonous for the passengers, and all felt that the storm was an experience to remember with pride, although a repetition was not desired.

More than all else Candace enjoyed the freedom from care, the restful feeling of a return to what seemed to be her natural home, where true friends made her welcome and caused her to forget the sorrows and misfortunes that had broken the serenity of her life.

Curled in a corner of the after deck, and sheltered from the brilliance of the sun by the expanse of sail above her, or, in the misty summer twilight, enveloped in a long woolen shawl, she would spend hours at a time breathing deep the exhilarating sea air, and allowing her fancy to roam,—drifting, dreaming,—like a child, to whom the sordid realities of life have never been known.

One evening as she was indulging in one of these relaxations of body and mind, she felt the presence of others near her, and looking up, found Mrs. Ingram and Mr. Hamlin, the mate, smiling down at her.

"Don't move, please!" pleaded Mrs. Ingram. "You spoil it all. We fancied you were a mermaid that had come aboard from over the rail. We could see your face and hair in the moonlight, but only the outline of your figure draped in that long shawl. I was quite excited. You have no idea of the resemblance."

"This was my first glimpse of the mythical mermaid," said Mr. Hamlin, "and it took very little imagination to believe that you really were something that swims in the sea."

"Perhaps more like a seal," Candace replied. "Yet, if the truth were told, I feel just like a fish that has been washed up from the water, only to writhe and struggle amidst rocks and sand and then, suddenly and happily, be returned to its natural habitation. I don't feel that way morbidly," she hastened to add; "I am just reveling in appreciation of this unexpected journey, giving to me, as it does, a breath of my former life when I was a carefree girl on shipboard."

"Well, I have never been a carefree girl on shipboard," said Mr. Hamlin; "but I know the feeling you have. I have had it myself,—so badly once that I swore that if ever I got the solid planking of a ship under my feet again, I'd never venture farther ashore than the company's office for a pay check; and maybe they couldn't tempt me with that."

"Aren't you rather overcautious?" asked Candace.

"Oh, the vow was quickly forgotten," he answered. "But I meant it at the time. I'll tell you about it."

The story he told was of an annoying occurrence in New York City, where he had been taken into custody by the police and held as a witness against the operators of a bunko game, in which

he was not concerned. By a mistake, however, he was committed as a defendant in place of one of the criminals. When he was arraigned, the victim of the swindle for which the arrest was made gave false testimony against him; and this evidence was corroborated by the real culprit, who had been substituted for him as a witness.

At that time accused persons were not permitted to testify as witnesses in their own behalf, and Hamlin was in great danger of being convicted, but the error was corrected in time by the testimony of the arresting officer, who had to have his memory jogged before he could recall the fact that the bunko-men had soft white hands and the detained witness was a sailor-man, whose hands were hard and tar-stained.

Concluding his narrative, Mr. Hamlin said:

"When the policeman got that clear in his mind, the case took a new tack. I veered away from the penitentiary, but they held me as a witness; and it was more than a week before I could get my clearance. As I walked out of jail I said: 'Blue water for me! There's enough jails and prisons on land to hold all the swindlers and liars, and enough courts and policemen to catch 'em and put 'em in, if they only had sense enough to tell a pirate from an honest merchant ship by their different rigs.'"

Before dark on the eleventh day of the voyage the color of the water indicated nearness to land and the Captain knew that the *Madonna* was ap-

proaching Cape Flattery. Caution was necessary, and the ship was sailed on short tacks, until the lights of Tatoosh Island hove in sight. The next morning she entered the Strait, and, with bright weather and light breezes, sailed on to her destination, completing the voyage at noon of the fourteenth day.

At Port Madison a small hotel was very well kept by Portuguese Joe, whose other name was seldom mentioned. Candace landed and went to the hotel for accommodation, while waiting for the *Madonna* to make the return trip. On her way thither she passed a row of cheap houses occupied by workingmen's families, and was exceedingly surprised at seeing near one of them the one person whom she wished might never cross her path in life again,—Mrs. Scenter.

At the hotel another surprise awaited her arrival. There, face to face, she met the man whom she had searched for and whom she still desired to find. Greeting him with a smiling face and extending her hand she said:

"Now, Mr. Claxton, the first thing to be said is that I hope not to be the cause of any fresh trouble to vex you. Until this moment I had not the slightest expectation of finding you here, and I will only stay until the *Madonna* sails on her return to San Francisco."

Smiling pleasantly, Clark answered: "My name is Edward A. Clark. I wish you would not mention the name Claxton again. It has been

told here that my true name is Claxton, but the one who told that is so much disliked that no one gives heed to her sneers; she is most frequently referred to as the backbiter. You can easily guess who she is."

"Yes," replied Candace; "I saw her when I was coming from the *Madonna;* and oh! the sight of her made cold shivers creep all over me."

Clark assured Candace that she had no occasion for alarm.

"Conditions here," he said, "are very different from the state of affairs where we knew Mrs. Scenter. There she was dominant and bossed the neighborhood, but Port Madison has a master, a wise, good man, who rules like a monarch. Mischief-makers are not allowed to remain on his premises. Mr. Meigs owns every house here, and this whole island. He has already made the Scenters understand that they are here by sufferance, and that if they again disturb the peace of the village in any way, their departure will be accelerated by ample force, which he controls."

Clark happened to be at Port Madison at that particular time, practicing his profession as an ambrotype artist. He talked to Candace pleasantly, being especially enthusiastic in his praise of the Puget Sound country, but avoided allusions to subjects of a personal or religious nature. Candace told him what her life had been, of the efforts she had made to find him after being informed that he had left his home in the East.

"And now," she said, "my quest is ended. I want to assure you of my esteem, and my deep regret for all you have suffered; and I have only one wish that you can gratify,—that is, an assurance of your friendship and respect."

That assurance was cordially given, and the way was made easy for true friendship.

Mrs. Scenter had indulged her propensity for mischief-making among her neighbors in St. Lawrence County until her baneful influence had overreached the limitations of patience. Realizing that she was hated and ostracized by all, she decided to sell out and move away,—which was the one thing the neighbors were willing to assist her to accomplish. Coming to San Francisco and finding that the lumber market there was mostly supplied from the forests of Puget Sound, that region appeared to be most promising of any in which to look for employment of the kind that Mr. Scenter liked best, and at the San Francisco office of the Port Madison mill he secured an engagement and free transportation for himself and wife to Port Madison. On arrival there, he was given a position in the mill, as operator of a trimmer saw, and a house to live in was assigned to him.

What Clark said to Candace respecting Mr. Meigs was true. He was a man of superior ability and fine character. He ruled in Port Madison like an autocrat. Owning the only store and all the houses in the village, he managed his business

and property in a way that empowered him to exclude all whom he disliked. All contracts of employment were made subject to termination, by either party, without notice; he neither gave leases nor received rent for houses occupied by his employees, and only employees and their families were permitted to occupy them. The hotel was the only exception to the rule, and, by a rigid contract with Portuguese Joe, no guest could be entertained in it after being notified to depart. Rules against backbiting and the use of intoxicating beverages were strict, and were enforced with rigor. The mill was operated by changing shifts of workmen continuously, except intervals for meals, from six o'clock Sunday night till six o'clock Saturday night. No cash was paid for wages; when accounts were settled the men received for the amounts earned,—in excess of store bills,—drafts payable in San Francisco sixty days after presentation there, and there were no banks nor bill-shavers on Puget Sound to whom drafts could be sold at a discount. The community had to be industrious, sober, and peaceable. By way of entertainment, a debating society held meetings every Saturday night, occasionally there was dancing, and on Sundays the bachelors made calls on the families.

The Sunday visitations had afforded Mrs. Scenter an opportunity that a person of her wicked disposition could not let slip,—the opportunity of ruffling the serenity of this peaceful com-

munity. That she did, according to her habit of entertaining callers, by slurring a pretty daughter of one of the mill hands, provoking instant resentment on the part of the Port Madison gallants. Hot words were spoken, and Mrs. Scenter, claiming that she had been insulted, started neighborhood tattling by her complainings. That was unwise, for it brought the matter to the attention of the autocrat, and from him the warning that Clark had mentioned to Candace.

Of all strange things possible to happen, the coming together of Clark and Candace at Port Madison, when she was there to take notice of their goings on, seemed to Mrs. Scenter the most utterly incomprehensible. Would her tongue, trained as it was in the art of disseminating venom,—as the fang of a rattle snake is adapted for injecting poison,—remain supinely idle; or would she show them up?

Clark was known as a man of good character, and he was highly respected. Candace had stanch friends in the popular Captain and first mate of the *Madonna;* an account of her first voyage in that famous ship gave rise to neither prejudice nor suspicion in a community familiar with the realities of perils and pleasures incidental to a seafaring life. Instead of being regarded as an uncanny immigrant from unknown spheres, she was treated as a person of distinction and shown all honor.

Under such conditions, upon those two un-

offending persons Mrs. Scenter essayed to heap new disgrace. As they were not domiciled in the place, she assumed that the rule against backbiting would not restrain talk concerning them and events that had happened so long ago and so far away. Before the arrival of Candace she had cautiously given out the information that Clark's true name was Claxton; that he had been a preacher, and hinted that there were *reasons* for changing his name and occupation. To all of that no heed had been given, as Clark explained to Candace.

But now a case for real scandal was ripe and she, as censor of immoral conduct, need not be a backbiter; for by confronting her two victims with witnesses present, and telling nothing herself, but cunningly pretending to be uncertain in her own mind with respect to any previous acquaintance, she would ask questions in a way to extort confessions. So she planned, and without delay proceeded to make a direct attack in that manner.

Wearing her best gown, as if intending to have her picture taken, she invited the wife of the mill superintendent to go with her to the artist's tent for that purpose, at a time when she knew that Candace was visiting there. She knew, because she had been watching and had seen Candace and Mrs. Ingram enter the tent. Having no suspicion of evil, the lady took the invitation as a request

that could not be refused without being discourteous, so she graciously complied.

To meet the requirements of the artist's business, the tent was divided into compartments,—one of which was a reception room. When Mrs. Scenter and the lady who accompanied her entered, there were present in the reception room,—besides Candace, Mrs. Ingram and Clark,—another lady and her two children, who were there to pose for their pictures. The conditions were exactly suited to the execution of Mrs. Scenter's design.

Without waiting for any possible occurrence to intervene, she advanced toward Clark and commenced to state the pretended purpose for which she came; then, by a side glance, noticing the presence of Candace and feigning surprise, she turned to face her and exclaimed:

"Why, of all things!"

And immediately after, with apparent effort to check an impulse, she spoke blandly, saying:

"Excuse me; it seems I must know you. Ain't you Mrs. Brosière? Didn't you use to live back East in St. Lawrence County, York State? Did you know a preacher back there named Claxton? Did he send for you, because he wants you out here?"

While delivering that fusillade her face gleamed with the animation of fiendish delight. Though she spoke rapidly, the time necessary for all the string of question was sufficient for all

present to observe the manifestations of malevolence in her words and demeanor, and was also sufficient to enable Candace to compose mentally a suitable reply.

Calmly and in a clear voice she said:

"I am Mrs. Brosière; I did live near you in St. Lawrence County. I know the person your question refers to. He did not send for me to come here. And now I have just one question to ask you: Did you come here because you were such a pest to the whole neighborhood that they compelled you to *git* out of St. Lawrence County?"

Her emphasis on the word "git" was like a knockout blow in the prize ring. The other ladies giggled at first, then laughed outright. That confused Mrs. Scenter momentarily, but rallying, without answering the pointed question Candace had propounded, she hissed:

"Well, I guess you can be made to tell whether that preacher's church turned him out because he stayed all night in your house, and no one else there, except the pair of you."

When that was said the superintendent's wife interrupted the colloquy with the quiet remark:

"It is time for me to be going home," and extending her hand, with a smile expressing friendly sympathy and cordiality, she said to Candace:

"Won't you and your friend come and spend the day with me?"

Acceptance of that invitation completed Mrs. Scenter's repulse.

CHAPTER XIV

SEA LAW, APPLIED ON LAND

Captain John Broxtun was a bluff and hearty old man who, after fifty years sea service,—forty of which had been spent in the capacity of master of sailing vessels,—had retired and taken up his residence at Port Madison. He liked the place and wanted to live there, because it was a snug harbor and ship captains were always there to keep him company. In order to be qualified for residence in one of Meigs' houses, he had to be employed, and so the position of Port Captain of the fleet, with nominal duties and pay, was given him; and in order to make him really useful, he was elected to the office of justice of the peace, which seldom required the exercise of magisterial power. He was there, however, to act in any case of extraordinary emergency, and he proved his efficiency by his method of dealing with a termagant. It has been shown that the law of the land is inadequate to redress wrongs inflicted by the means Mrs. Scenter contrived and used.

Sea laws, as interpreted and applied by Captain Broxtun, were more flexible, although rigorous.

The repulse of Mrs. Scenter was not the finality of her discomfiture; the rule against backbiting was designed to preserve peace, based on general good will and therefore broader in its purview, as Mr. Meigs construed it, than Mrs. Scenter had supposed. The former held that whoever was not a trespasser on his premises was entitled to be respected and protected. Hence, the gratuitous insult to Mrs. Brosière was a flagrant violation of the rule by one of his tenants by sufferance, after a warning given of the consequences.

Action pursuant to that warning was quick and drastic. Another man took Mr. Scenter's place in the mill; he was sent to the chief clerk to receive what was due him according to his contract, and was ordered to take all his belongings and appendages and hasten his departure.

Mrs. Scenter was in a mood to be obstinate; she had a confused idea that thirty days' notice to vacate was a prerequisite to eviction of a tenant, and she announced that she would stay till it suited her convenience to move.

Confronting Mr. Meigs with her defiance was unpremeditated, but taking her husband along for whatever use to which she might put him, she went to the store to say her say concerning all who had incurred her ill will. Those whom she found in the store were all busy and not inclined to give her any attention. The difficulty of speaking to unwilling listeners exasperated her; and

pitching her voice in a high key, she began by saying:

"I wonder how many of the stuck-ups around here go by the same names they had before they sneaked away from their families in the States?"

She had proceeded only thus far when the autocrat came in and checked her. His manner was polite, but his voice had the ring of authority when he said:

"Lady, what you wish to say does not concern the business being conducted here. We cannot permit you to interrupt our business. You are free now to go elsewhere and say all that you have to say to whomsoever will listen."

Impressed as she was by the presence of a superior person, Mrs. Scenter was diverted from her intended harangue, and she could only answer:

"Well, I'll not be in any hurry about going."

Mr. Meigs, continuing to speak smoothly, returned:

"Lady, the world is large; Port Madison is only a speck, and you will be more comfortable in some other place."

"But," said Mrs. Scenter, "you have to give my husband thirty days' notice to move. If the shanty we live in stands up, we'll stay that long."

Under different circumstances her remark would have been passed as meaningless, but her vicious disposition justified an inference that she contemplated destruction of the house, and Mr.

Meigs was not the kind of a man to parley with any person that made threats. He closed the discussion by saying to his chief clerk:

"Mr. Brownell, see that the right kind of a notice is given."

Mr. Brownell knew how to act in such a case. He wrote a complaint charging a criminal conspiracy on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Scenter to commit malicious mischief, and placed the document in the hands of Captain Broxtun.

Now, in the lexicon of that maritime jurist piracy and "kons-piracy" were intimately associated and easily assimilated. Therefore, summary proceedings in dealing with either would be proper and might not be too harsh. Whether to apply the cat o' nine tails, lash the pair to the cutwater, keelhaul them, or hang them to the yardarm was a question on which he deliberated judicially, but on a suggestion from Brownell he made other disposition of the case more satisfactory to all concerned.

Theodore O'Williams, the sheriff of the county, arrested the accused and brought them up before the august Captain. He convened court, not with an invocation, but by swearing an awful oath in a hoarse nautical voice, and all his remarks addressed to the couple were interlarded with profanity.

Mrs. Scenter made one effort to utter a protest.

"You have no right to treat me this way," she screamed.

"Avast!" roared the Captain.

Then, addressing the sheriff, as on the quarter-deck he would have spoken to the first mate, he said:

"Mr. O'Williams, stand by with the dingee souse, and see that no more guff comes aft."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the quick response.

And holding a bucket full of water, that officer took a position of readiness to obey the order he expected to come next; while Mrs. Scenter's expectations made her shiver and hold her tongue.

Without other preliminary formalities, the Captain rendered his judgment, which, with profane adjectives omitted, was in the following words:

"There will be a packet to take you to Seattle to-morrow morning. If your kons-piracy craft is found cruising in these waters after eight bells I'll put you in chains in the ship's hold, and you will get nothing but bread and sea-water and hell for the rest of your lives."

The next morning Humboldt Jack's plunger carried the unhappy husband and wife to Seattle. Frightened and chagrined as she was, Mrs. Scenter was further humiliated by the inward consciousness that she was hated, and deserved to be, wherever she was known. She was childless, and she had an antipathy to dogs and cats; once when traveling she made the acquaintance of a canary, kept in the parlor of the hotel in which she was staying, and its warblings, trills, and twitterings made her nervous; she had no

desire to hear her own words repeated in a voice more disagreeable than her own, therefore a parrot was not wanted. Horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry she could tolerate for their usefulness, but without a farm to keep them on they were of no use. She was without education and incapable of appreciating literature; as for music, she owned an accordion and could make dance music, adapted to jigs and cotillions, and on it she could play a few doleful tunes. The sum total of all the resources that gave zest to life comprised only her accordion and her husband.

That, rather, was the sum total when the couple were driven out of Port Madison, but at Seattle the husband deserted, leaving in her possession about $800.00,—that being the major part of the remnant of money derived from sale of their St. Lawrence County property. Not a large sum for a friendless woman to fight the battle of life with.

Mr. Scenter might not have left her, if she could have treated him as a comrade in distress, instead of unbraiding him as the one blameworthy for the predicament in which they found themselves. The last straw, however, was laid upon the overburdened creature when Mrs. Scenter required him to write to an eastern newspaper giving information for publication, of the finding of the ex-preacher, going by the name of Edward A. Clark, and the recent coming of Mrs. Brosière. He refused positively to do that and, to escape

from annoyance by her dominating insistence, he fled.

Left alone among strangers, without even an inclination to seek friendship, the trend of the pitiable woman's reflections was in the direction of self-reproach.

At that time the legal profession did not afford lucrative occupation in Seattle; all the pioneer lawyers were hustling for a living in some other line of employment. There was no one to give Mrs. Scenter advice as to any right she might have to recover damages by means of legal proceedings against those responsible for the rough usage that had marked her expulsion from Port Madison. There was not a listening ear to hear denunciation of the wrongdoings of others; and she could only tell herself of the consequences of her own vicious attempts to injure those that had never molested her. Knowing how others hated her, she became a self-hater. She was subdued and pitiable, as one who had purposely forfeited all right to the sustaining consolation of personal pride.

The list of the most unhappy mortals, in Ella Higginson's sublime prayer for lonely souls, will bear extension to include

> Even the slanderer,
> Hated wherever known;
> A friendless wanderer,
> Thankless for mercies shown,

Whose malice inward turns,
Like the scorpion's sting,
And in her own conscience burns,
Her own self contemning.

Mrs. Scenter was not disposed to remain in Seattle, where Clark was a highly respected citizen. She went away and sank into oblivion.

CHAPTER XV

THE DEEP OCEAN SEPULCHER

Having finished his work at Port Madison, Clark returned to his home in Seattle. Candace was among friends and safe from annoyance at Port Madison, and she deemed it prudent not to gratify her desire to visit Seattle. While returning to San Francisco in the *Madonna* she dwelt on the possibility of such information as Mrs. Scenter might give being sent in some way to distress Clark's friends in the East, and she resolved to go to New Jersey, in order, by her own presence, to refute scandalous stories. So she hastened to carry out that resolve, going by the Panama route.

Before leaving San Francisco she wrote a short note to Clark, informing him of her purpose and telling him that she would go East by the next steamer. He saw confirmation of this in the published list of passengers of the steamer that sailed a few days subsequent to the date of her note.

For the part of the journey from Aspinwall to New York, Candace was a passenger on the fatal voyage of the steamship *Central America*. The list of passengers included more than four hun-

dred names and the ship carried an amount of California gold valued at $1,500,000.

Candace was acquainted with most of the men and women among her fellow-passengers, who were prominent Pacific Coast people. All were kind to her, and the company was a merry one. She was vivacious; her varied experiences had enriched her store of knowledge, so that in conversation she was interesting; her general cleverness made her a favorite in every circle, and she was a happy woman. In accordance with the law of compensation, all that she had suffered from prejudice and spite of ignorant neighbors, from slander, and deprivation of love for which she had yearned, was now offset by the respect and manifestation of good will on the part of the ship's officers and all the passengers. Her conscience unburdened, and her pecuniary requirements provided for without obligations to any one, she was free from care as one who has finished every heavy task; and there was positive joy in knowing that her journey was for a purpose actuated by a generous impulse.

On the third day out from Aspinwall heavy weather commenced. The wind was strong and gusty, and there was a choppy sea, but the vessel proceeded on her way prosperously. Her officers were alert, and her crew were strong courageous men, accustomed to defy old Neptune's anger.

Early on the morning of the fourth day the barometer registered its warning of a coming

storm. The captain on the bridge, and every man at his station, made ready to meet it bravely. Dark clouds in heavy masses moved swiftly forward, like opposing armies forming their lines for battle; like pursuing fiends overtaking fleeing victims, lightning blazed and thunder clapped in ecstatic glee; there was a terrible crash, and the ship,—struck with the force of a fullgrown, Caribbean Sea hurricane,—reeled and trembled. The enraged water rose up in resentment, and high-rolling billows alternately lifted the ship on their crests and dropped her into the deep valleys intervening between them; the sound of her creaking timbers was like the wailing of a monster in extreme agony, and for more than an hour the ship struggled to survive the battle of the elements. Then a cross-sea struck her bow and made her whirl with a force that twisted her rudder from its holdings. In the awful vortex she wallowed and plunged, until the waves, breaking over her starboard side, washed her decks, stripping them of everything movable, including officers and crew, and, flowing down her companion-ways, submerged and foundered her.

The hurricane passed on, leaving in its wake the brig *Marine,* which picked up a few of the *Central America's* passengers and crew who were found floating, supported by life-preservers or wreckage. Four hundred and twenty-three men, women, and children perished. The call from life to death was sudden and imperative; Candace was

one of the called, and the deep ocean sepulcher of her parents received their only child.

Death in any form, if undreaded, is robbed of its sting. Martyrs have rejoiced in death by torture, and in a great majority of instances death is painless. This is unexplainable, without recognition of the association of spirit and body. Science in surgery has approached the miraculous in the discovery of means to suspend sensitiveness, whereby patients are relieved from pain during the performance of painful operations. Anasthetics do not have to be applied locally, but as the cause of pain must first act upon the brain before suffering can be felt, the method of surgery is to forestall pain by suspending the function of the brain as distributor of sensations. And as the spirit is invulnerable to physical pain, exaltation of the spirit may exert a controlling influence upon the seat of intelligence, in such a way as to suspend sensitiveness of the body, or even to kill pain entirely, by merging it into predominating sensations of joy.

The awful ordeal of death by shipwreck in a combination of electric and wind storms is comparable only to the prophesied destruction of the whole world. Individuals will not be more helpless then nor suffer greater agony than those who experienced the terrors of the tempest that destroyed the *Central America.* But in that last hour of her life, when the strongest men were limp as the frailest of things, and only a few

could pray, or even give utterance to anguish, Candace was serene and happy; for then the vision that had once before appeared in a dream reappeared. Her mother, radiantly beautiful in her white robe, beckoned her to come.

CHAPTER XVI

CALLED BACK

The love of Clark for Matilda was not a fierce passion, to be consumed by its own intensity. It was of the enduring kind:

> A love surviving separation;
> A soul steadfast in allegiance,
> While time, for a wrong's reparation,
> Delays recompense, for patience.

His hope that the conditions that made separation from Matilda necessary would change and that, when changed, she would gladly recall him from exile was strong as faith. And yet, as the best years of life were fleeting, there were times when his longing for the companionship of which he was deprived, caused depression of spirits that grew into bitterness; and then he was not a genial friend.

One day John Harvey found him in a fit of very bad temper; he was morose and spoke only in a crusty manner theretofore unusual in his treatment of his one-time fellow-traveler and most intimate friend. Harvey, remembering that he had with the utmost freedom told of his own ante-

cedent life and that Clark had shielded his past in reticence, and, his thoughts being at that particular time directed to the Edward Clark Claxton, whom he had seen much of in his young boyhood days, was suddenly struck with an idea, just as he was about to withdraw his presence.

Turning about and contemplating his friend, he mentally noted that he had not theretofore observed a resemblance to the young man who had left England very soon after his wedding. It was a resemblance of manners, rather than of facial lineaments,—still, a resemblance there certainly was. Then he recalled that Clark had always manifested lively interest in his relation of stories of life on the Claxton estate; and putting this and that together, he surmised that news recently received in a letter from his brother, if communicated, would produce a sudden effect. Acting upon that inspiration, Harvey spoke in the most friendly tone he could assume, saying:

"Ed, I want to tell you some news from back home that has come in a letter from my brother, if you don't mind,—or perhaps some other time will suit better."

The words "news from back home" struck a responsive chord. Clark craved news from home; and his manner changed instantly, and betrayed such interest in the news, that Harvey's surmise merged into a strong belief that his friend was the absent son referred to in the following paragraph of the letter:

"Mr. Clark Claxton from America is here on a visit. He shook hands with me and spoke friendly and hearty, just like in the old days when we were boys. And say, Jack, he asked me where you are. I answered in the Puget Sound country. 'So far as that? I wonder if that may be where my boy has gone,' says he. And he told me as how his son, a fine lad, had been used badly by the father of the young lady he was to have married, and had gone away, and how the boy's mother was hoping he would come back and waited for him instead of coming here, so as not to miss him by her own absence if he happened to come."

His mother was waiting and hoping! That was the news from home which quickened the pulsations of Clark's heart as nothing else could do, except the call to come back he had been hoping for. His gloom was dispelled, and he was thankful. Looking toward the bearer of glad tidings, he was checked in giving utterance to joy by the merry twinkle in the eyes of Harvey, who, anticipating him, said:

"Ed, I'm glad because you are glad. Now, if the young man happens to be anywhere nearby, you and I are the very ones to discover him."

Clark extended his hand, and when it was clasped, he said:

"You have found that young man."

After a long, friendly conference Clark gave Harvey permission to report his discovery to his brother in England, but desired to defer any revelation at Seattle. He preferred to wait for the summons to come from Matilda through his mother, by means of *The Expositor,* in the way

he had planned; and his faith grew strong, having now the assurance that his mother was hoping.

Without delay, he wrote a letter to her, giving information of his situation and of his purpose to remain until changed conditions and Matilda's desire should warrant the sending of the summons.

At that time there was no telegraph line extending west of the Missouri River, and the pony-express had not been established. The facilities for communication between the Pacific Coast and the East consisted of an overland mail service by stage-coaches and a tri-monthly steamship mail, by the Panama route. Papers and printed matter, being too bulky and heavy for transportation overland, came only by steamship mail. The demands for newspapers and periodicals was very large and San Francisco was the distributing point, for all that came. Each "Steamer Day" was an event in the life of that metropolis; every steamer on entering the Golden Gate announced her arrival by a cannon shot, and at any hour of the day or night that announcement was a call for the force of post office clerks and employees, to the task of assorting and delivering the many tons of mail that a multitude was impatient to receive. Then Major Jack Stratman, the pioneer vendor of newspapers and periodicals, was an important and very busy man. Clark's address was not on the subscription list of *The Expositor,* but he received every number through Stratman's

agency. The time required for transmission from the office of publication to Seattle was more than six weeks.

When Clark deposited the letter to his mother in the post office he was in a state of nervous excitement and abnormal spiritual exaltation, and there came to him a feeling of certainty that his time of exile was to be ended soon. It was a bright midsummer day; he strolled into the forest, and resting in a partially reclining posture on the moss of an old bent maple tree, he fell into a reverie. Memories of his courting days, when the radiant beauty of his sweetheart and her kindness made life a joy, revived hope and actuated him to write another letter. He walked to his home rapidly and immediately wrote:

"Dear Matilda:

While alone in the forest I have been meditating, and my thoughts have taken definite form in a resolve to write this letter to you. Absence and sorrow have not diminished the ardor of my love for you. I have not forfeited the right to love you, unless it be by long delay in making a direct appeal to your sense of right, and your goodness, to acquit me of blame for the divergence in our ways of life. I have loved you constantly,—since and before the first time I told you so; I love you now, and, come whatever may come, I will still love you. I have never abandoned the hope that your pathway in life and mine will be merged. Separated from each other, we are deprived of happiness that is our right. I am ready for the change that will restore happiness to us both. Are you?"

This letter was posted in time to go by the same mail that carried his other letter. And in trans-

mission the two letters passed a westbound mail, containing an issue of *The Expositor,* in which, at the bottom of its last page, there was printed the words: "Come back!"

Science has successfully utilized invisible force for the transmission of messages by tangible instruments. It is wonderful to contemplate the practical operation of instruments attuned to receive quickly and register communications committed for transmission to another instrument, situated thousands of miles distant, without any mechanical connection between the transmitter and the receiver. Mere automatons,—adapted to play upon invisible force in a manner to create ripples, or waves, and record reverberations, imperceptible to human sensibilities,—are realities of the present time, but were unknown when Clark's letters to his mother and sweetheart were written. Nevertheless, Matilda received the message of her letter, simultaneously with the writing of it, and acted upon that foreknowledge. That explains the fact that *The Expositor,* in which the words "come back" were printed, was going West while the letters were in the mail going East.

That is not the only instance of an apparently miraculous communication directly from one person to another when the two were situated at places distant from one another. Whether the spirits of living persons may commune together, in disregard of physical laws; whether other celestial beings may at times serve as messengers

bearing communications from one living person to another; or whether Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race" may be prophetic of evolution, whereby in time human sensibilities are to be so developed and attuned as to be acute and efficient as the automatons of the present era, remains among problems to be solved by patient investigators of the mysteries of invisible forces.

When Clark was writing his love letter to Matilda, she was alone and listless in her home. Suddenly she was partially aroused, without any disturbing occurrence; thoughts of Clark came into her mind; then she relapsed into a condition resembling that of a person deprived of self-control by mesmeric influence. She was insensible to her immediate surroundings, yet abnormally sensitive to psychological impressions; and in her trance she read a letter from Clark, every word of which was identical with the words of the letter written by him, which she subsequently received by mail.

When she regained control of her faculties, she thought that she had been dreaming, but she felt sure that she had not been sleeping. She rehearsed the supposed dream several times, to memorize it well; then she tried to convince herself that it was only a fleeting fantasy and that she ought not to think of Clark, his separation from her being permanent.

There was a certain element of perversity in her way of thinking; the separation was his act,

not hers; she had not receded; his going away and continued absence were the only facts that counted in her view of the case. It seemed just as if she had received a real letter, because the dream letter was exactly the kind of letter Clark should write. It declared the constancy of his love,—that was pleasing and satisfying; it contained no denial or arguments to refute the old scandal, nor did he confess that he had been guilty. She was thankful that he did neither; his appeal to her own good sense to acquit him was a compliment that she appreciated. If he had confessed and asked to be forgiven, she knew that she would have granted forgiveness, but she was glad to be spared that trial. The letter did not upbraid her; it contained not a word to wound her feelings; it implied that her love was as constant as his; it was ardent but not silly; she would not be mortified if others were to read it. She was certain that only Clark could write such a letter. It had another merit for which she prized it: it was a virtual admission of the only delinquency which she had charged against him. His long delay in making a direct appeal to her was all that she could blame him for. She would forgive that, too; but not hastily nor too freely.

With such thoughts in her mind she could not subdue her desire for authentic information; and hoping to obtain it, she made a call on Mrs. Claxton. The cordiality of her reception by that good

lady encouraged her, and yet she was timid and she blushed as she made the inquiry:

"When do you expect that Clark will return?"

After kissing her, Mrs. Claxton answered:

"My dear, he will come as soon as possible after he hears from me that you have asked that question."

Then the note which had been enclosed in Clark's farewell letter was produced, and all that was necessary to effect the recall was done in Matilda's presence.

But before taking leave, Matilda related to Mrs. Claxton her dream.

CHAPTER XVII

PREMATURE SENILITY

Dr. Mason was highly gratified when his daughter told him all concerning her dream, her interview with Mrs. Claxton, and what had been done to recall the exile. The changed conditions that reconciled him to the unexpected reconciliation of the two lovers involved cause for sorrow, but not for self-reproach on Matilda's part.

In his prime Dr. Mason was a strong character, eminent among the clergymen of his denomination, and a satisfactory pastor of his church. It was an unusual experience for him to be nonplussed as he had been in his last interview with Clark, by that young man's forcible appeal to him for simple justice. He could not then nor afterward answer to his own conscience and excuse the moral cowardice of his conduct; and he was conscious that virtue had gone out of him, not in the sense of benefit to another, but in the diminution of innate power.

That loss was permanent. He was grieved by the manifest suffering of his dutiful child. Though she did not murmur, she could not be blithe, and her inability to sing was a deprivation

much regretted by all the church members as well as by himself. By these causes depressed, he could not preach with animation and eloquence nor satisfy the zealots in his church with the factitious arguments, maintaining orthodox doctrines, which they required. The Trinity, vicarious atonement, salvation by grace, and the final perseverance of saints were not enough for them; they hungered for the meat of sound doctrine in all its fullness. Foreordination, predestination, damnation of the wicked, weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and "depart from me, ye cursed," uttered in the metallic voice of a preacher, struck upon their ears with resounding joy, stimulating their religious pride; and sermons not seasoned by those, or similar phrases, were not satisfying.

Now, in his enfeebled condition, Dr. Mason could not serve to them that kind of pabulum, and after a few months of continued deprivation, those who hungered for it began to clamor. Judge Kingston and the most intellectual of the membership rallied to the defense of the pastor; but they prevailed on him to take a vacation.

Rest is the remedy for mere weariness, but not for heartsickness. In Dr. Mason's case it was not beneficial. He returned and tried to resume work, but after a few weeks of strain, he continued to decline, until he reached the verge of nervous collapse and his resignation was unavoidable.

He was only sixty-two when relegated to the

rank of a superannuated minister. For a time he was peevish, but gradually subsided into the condition of a life-weary invalid. Secretly he pined for Clark's return, and when Matilda told him of what had been done to bring the absentee home, he said:

"Daughter, this news gives me more joy than I have known since Clark went away."

CHAPTER XVIII

A HAPPY MARRIAGE

Clark did not become weary of pioneer life in the Puget Sound country. He knew that his view of life had been broadened by his experiences; good health and the good fellowship of the pioneers gladdened him; he had mental capacity to appreciate picturesque scenery, and the landscape views from the many hills of Seattle,—having in combination expanse of water, with curving shore lines, evergreen forests, crests of mountain ranges beneath the horizon, towering peaks garbed in the bright raiment of pure snow glistening in sunlight and brilliant sunset colorings of summer clouds,—delighted him.

The fine prospect from his donation claim, situated on the west shore of Lake Washington, including within its range Mount Ranier,—rising in all its majesty to an elevation of fifteen thousand feet above sea level,—and its brother, Mount Baker,—standing like a sentinel ever guarding the State's northern boundary,—enhanced the value of his property in his estimation, that being an unseverable appurtenant right to so large a share of the world's grandeur. He understood

well the advantages of Puget Sound as the natural gateway of ocean commerce, and knew that the vast internal resources of the Northwest would require a commercial metropolis on that magnificent inland sea, and he took pride in having been one of the founders of Seattle.

It was not dissatisfaction with his environment but anguish caused by injustice and separation from Matilda that at times engendered bitter thoughts, and provoked him to exhibitions of violent temper.

The coming of the number of *The Expositor* for the month of August, 1859, having at the bottom of its last page two magical words, brightened the outlook for his future life and restored his serenity of mind. To the expected summons Clark's response was prompt. Leaving his affairs to be cared for by his friend Harvey, he availed himself of the speediest means of transportation for his journey, taking passage on the steamship *Northerner,*—which had been put into service as a carrier of mail, passengers, and freight between San Francisco, Victoria, and Puget Sound ports, to meet the demand caused by a rush of people to the Fraser River gold mines,—and going from San Francisco to New York by the Panama route. One of his fellow-travelers happened to be Governor Isaac I. Stevens, who was then Washington Territory's Delegate to Congress, and the importance of that happening will appear in a subsequent chapter.

Clark was thirty-four, and the experiences of ten active years were sufficient to have fortified him to resist the weakness of boyish bashfulness; but when the time came for him to meet the girl who had been for years his chum and sweetheart, he could, with less trepidation, have charged a band of savages armed with spears and tomahawks. The dominating idea in his mind was to clasp her to his breast and kiss her before attempting to speak, but good sense restrained inclination to rudeness. He was utterly unable to mentally compose a sentence in suitable words for a greeting, and feared that, if unprepared with ready words, he might be unable to think of anything to say; and he dreaded to behave in a sheepish manner.

In truth, a disciplinary experience was awaiting him. His beloved, in perfect composure, was expecting him, and was well prepared to control her own behavior; there was to be on her part no rush into extended arms, no concession of a privilege to bestow or take kisses, and no hysterical weeping.

Being informed by his mother of Dr. Mason's weakened condition, Clark was not surprised by the obsequious cordiality of the venerable minister's greeting, although in strange contrast with the coldness of his last farewell. By that greeting his self-complacency was somewhat restored, and he might have acted gracefully in meeting

Matilda, if she had not delayed her appearance unreasonably.

The young lady, if not reasoning on the subject, was ruminating. She thought that the period of her lover's waiting should be comparable to the time Clark had required to come to the point of writing his very excellent letter; so she let him wait.

He waited and fidgeted and became very nervous. He wrote on a card that he would call again at a time (he hoped) when it would be convenient for her to meet him; and he was about to go away, leaving the card to explain. But, instead of doing that, he wisely resolved to settle down for a patient siege.

At last Matilda came, and carried out her plan of acting with a degree of art that would have been highly creditable on a theatrical stage. She appeared to be neither frank nor joyful nor coy. With affected condescension and a questioning roll of her eyeballs, she said:

"How do you do, Mr. Claxton?"

In his extreme embarrassment Clark could only mutter an incoherent reply, and resumed his seat, without an invitation to do so. The lady was immensely pleased.

Bowing in acknowledgment of his supposed remark, she smiled graciously, and then sat down facing him, but at a safe distance. Giving him a short space of time to speak,—of which he failed

to take advantage,—she assumed the lead in conversation, saying:

"Don't you think, Mr. Claxton, the weather is unusually warm for an evening in October?"

Clark knew that he was warm under the collar, and agreeing with her, replied:

"Yes, I think so; especially so late in the evening."

That little indication of rising spunk amused her, and it also warned her. She made a perceptible effort to maintain her affected manner, which Clark did not observe; but he did notice a slight movement of her hands. She was acting well in the use of words and expressions of her eyes and face, but her hands had lost none of the fascinating grace that had always appealed to Clark's perception of poetry in motion. In the natural movement of which she was unconscious, he saw his dear girl again.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Claxton, for making you wait so long. Dressing for company, you know, requires time and care, and this evening time just slipped away much more rapidly than I realized. You will excuse me, I hope."

Clark wanted to pay her a compliment on her success in dressing so becomingly, but he dared not make the venture.

"Yes, certainly. I did not mind waiting, but I thought that perhaps I had chosen an inopportune time for making a call."

"Oh, you did not mind waiting! But, admit

that you were impatient. Men are so unreasonable when a lady compliments one by taking pains to dress properly for a reception. When I apologized I expected forgiveness."

"How can I forgive when I have not been offended?"

"Is it not an offense to try one's patience? It hurts my feelings to have my patience overtaxed, and I forgive when an apology is offered."

Her manner was tantalizing, and Clark was nettled; but perceiving that the trend of her thoughts was in the direction of some offense on his part, to be forgiven, and being aware of the necessity for an explanation of his conduct in going away when she was ill and remaining absent so long, he suppressed a tart rejoinder and proceeded cautiously to introduce that subject, saying:

"My forgiveness would be free and ample, if I could feel that it would not be impertinent. On the other hand, I beg your pardon for the impatience that I seemed to have admitted, though unintentionally. By the way, did you receive a letter I wrote you before I started to come home?"

"Yes; I did. I received your letter from Seattle; that must be a dreadfully cold place. Where is Seattle? Away up north somewhere, is it not?"

Her questions suggested Seattle for a theme, and her professed ignorance of geography enabled Clark to gather his forces for a panegyric, which he delivered in an unbroken flow of choice

words. If all that he told Matilda about salubrious climate, immense wealth in the natural resources of the Northwest, grand scenery, pure water,—gushing from innumerable springs, flowing in rivers, falling in cataracts over mountain precipices and stored in deep lakes,—fine harbor, Oriental trade, and the future greatest city of the world were to be repeated here, this story might be mistaken for a Western real estate dealer's advertisement.

Matilda was interested in the speaker more than in the speech; but she held to her purpose to discipline her lover for his protracted neglect of herself. Her feigned surprise and affectation were both obvious when, checking him, she said:

"Wonderful! How could you possibly come away from such a place?"

By that question Clark gained mastery in the mental contest. His eyes engaged hers in a steady gaze as he answered deliberately:

"I was compelled to come here, because you are here. Two simple words exerted the compelling force; the single word 'Come' would have been sufficient; without ever a word, mere knowledge that you willed for me to come would have compelled me."

It required fortitude to hold back tears, after that declaration. Matilda had the fortitude and restrained the tears, but sincerity supplanted affectation.

"Your letter admits the wrongfulness of delay-

ing for years to make an effort to ascertain my will. Why did you wait so long? And why did you remain in hiding so far away?''

Those questions opened the way for the candid explanation that Clark then made. Wisely conceding Matilda's right to know all, he told her everything that had transpired and explained fully the motive for his disappearance, declaring that his confidence in her abiding love for him was so strong that he believed that, when changed conditions would admit of reinstatement of their engagement, she would confide in his mother, and he had provided means whereby he would be apprised, rather than distress her by importuning her to disregard her father's opposition to their marriage.

There were two weak places in the explanation, which Matilda wished to have amended; the first being his continued neglect to communicate with any of his friends for so many years after the reason for his absence had ceased to exist, of which they would have informed him, if his address had been known.

To meet that point, he made the further explanation that, having acquired inchoate rights to property in the name of Clark, it would have embarrassed him to make at Seattle the revelation necessary to obtain mail addressed to Claxton; and his procrastination was due to reluctance to inform his parents that he had even temporarily discarded their honorable surname, without as-

signing his true reason for having done so, and he had considered that, if repeated to them, her father's words would provoke them to anger.

The second point had for its basis Clark's assumption that there had existed a matrimonial engagement, which required reinstatement. That was disposed of in pleasantry, and to Matilda's entire satisfaction. In ruminating, her train of thought ran in this wise: Her betrothal had been quite irregular, just taken for granted as a fact, without any proposal. Even if a girl does love a man, she has a right to be courted deferentially; she certainly would never marry Clark unless he asked her to do so. Of course, they loved each other; but that should not excuse him from observing proprieties; she would not be appropriated, like a piece of property that a man finds and no other person claims. He must ask her to be his wife, or else she would never be. She put her foot down on that.

She was so nearly subjugated by the time Clark had finished his further explanation that she was smiling and resorted to her old trick of managing him by mild raillery.

"You speak of reinstatement. What makes you think that we ever were engaged, when you know that you never popped the question?"

"Matilda, dear, a brilliant idea has just now penetrated the dullness of my intellect. That formality must not be deferred another moment. I now declare that I love you, and"—kneeling

before her—"I ask you to be my wife. Will you?"

"Yes, certainly. You know that I will, of course. Get up and be happy."

They both laughed merrily, and Matilda surrendered herself for the incidental amenities, so necessary to the making of an engagement really binding,—but not until she had the enjoyment of more teasing. Rising from her seat, she enchanted him by the dexterity of her movements in keeping out of his reach and by her sparkling eyes. Her twinkling feet defied him to catch her; her arching eyebrows said, "I dare you," and her girlish voice went rippling on a crusade of its own.

"O Clarkie, it has taken a dreadful long time to come to this! Talk about impatience while you waited for me to get dressed; why, that was nothing compared with the time you wasted in rhapsodizing on that lonesome town you named after an old Indian. How did I know the name of the town, without your telling me? Well, I guess there are ways to find out things. No; I never trailed you; but I did see the postmark on your letter. Couldn't I ask the postmaster where that letter came from? Oh, you didn't name the town? You said you were one of the founders. Don't founders name their towns when they are founded? Did the old Indian give his name to the town? How did I know about him? You told

that in your rhapsody. You said old Seattle was a good friend to the white folks."

Her quick repartees to his questions, which she repeated after him, were baffling, though not discouraging. Matilda merely proved that a minister's daughter, reared in an atmosphere of religion, may be not less proficient than other daughters of Eve in artful love making.

Perceiving that he could not win by tactics, Clark made a plain request for the kisses that he knew Matilda could not refuse, saying:

"Now, Tillie, your voice is delightful to hear, but your lips have other uses than giving it exercise. When you reach a good place to stop I will kiss you."

She stopped, his strong arms embraced her, he kissed her cheeks and lips, and the kisses she gave back to him were as sweet as any maiden ever gave to her lover. Assured fruition of their mutual hope and the exquisite bliss of that hour made up for the years of anguish each had endured.

EXQUISITE BLISS

First win the love of a pretty girl,
Be swept afar on envy's mad whirl;
Meet danger bravely in life's battle;
Even though loyal to Seattle,
To your sweetheart be constantly true;
Return quickly when she calls for you;
By no unmanly act disgrace her,
Lovingly, tenderly embrace her,
Be thankful for bliss, so exquisite;
With a kiss and hug end your visit.

Happiness, first anticipated;
Assured, by doubts dissipated;
Perpetuated in rem'niscence;
Culminations of beneficence.
Love, contradicting arithmetic,
Subtracts naught from share of Benedict
Multiplies what to the bride is due,
By division of joy between two.

The busybodies commenced soon to take an active interest in the affairs of Clark and Matilda. Would they be married in church? That was the burning question. Some were unable to see how it could be otherwise, Matilda being a member and daughter of a former pastor. Others thought it would be demoralizing for an excommunicated member to have his marriage sanctioned within the temple. It was the action of the church in withdrawing the hand of fellowship, not any misdeed of Clark's, that was supposed to stand as a bar against the enjoyment of church privileges; for the idea was generally pervading that Clark had been convicted on prejudice, and his clean, honorable life and nobility of character commanded respect.

As a result of much discussion, Twistam Dire evolved a plan to rectify the past error by a new one, putting Clark in a false position. That was to be accomplished by receiving him into the fold as a new member, provided he could give convincing evidence of a new conversion. He did not dare to broach the subject to Clark directly, but

hoped by diplomacy and the influence of Matilda, as a mediator, to bring to pass the desired reconciliation. Judge Kingston refused emphatically to be a party to any such scheme, and all the influential members that were consulted did likewise. So Dire was obliged to take the initiatory step himself.

He stated his plan to Dr. Mason, who gave no heed to it, but as Dire expected, an opportunity was afforded for submitting the matter to Matilda. She was annoyed, especially by an attempted exhortation in this line: That her intended husband, being actually outside of the fold, must be counted as an unbeliever, and the New Testament admonishes Christians: "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." Ignoring the insult, she acted with womanly dignity and a little showing of spirit, in declining to permit any discussion of that subject. She concluded the interview by saying:

"Mr. Claxton has not been converted recently; he is not dishonorable, and I will not try to induce him to do a deceitful thing."

The question whether the marriage ceremony should be in the church or elsewhere never caused anxiety to the persons to be married. Matilda and Clark were of one mind in disapprobation of pompous weddings; so in the bride's home they were married quietly. They were content, and all others had to be satisfied.

CHAPTER XIX

FIASCO OF THE PACIFIC REPUBLIC

The month of September, 1859, when Mr. Claxton and Governor Stevens journeyed together from Puget Sound to New York, was a time of intense political excitement preceding a national crisis. For years the anti- and pro-slavery parties had agitated the country,—North and South,—by heated discussions, and compromises had been proposed and agreed to, without modifying animosity on either side.

The Supreme Court had extended Constitutional protection to slave property in United States territory, theretofore deemed free soil, and the contradictory opinions of different members of the court on that subject had incited new sectional antagonisms. The doctrine of the higher law had been invoked in opposition to enforcement of the law enacted by Congress providing for the recapture in free States of fugitive slaves.

Abraham Lincoln had risen to a position of leadership by his bold declaration that the Nation could not continue to exist as a unit, half free and half slave, making the issue for the ensuing Presidential campaign, whether there should be

one nation without legal slavery within its boundaries, or disruption of the Union.

Stevens, by his ability and activity, had while at the Capitol serving as a delegate in Congress, gained the confidence of many of the most prominent men in control of the Government, and he had recently rendered a valuable service to the country by counseling with General Harney, and advising that officer to exert his military power in a way which prevented a British corporation from wresting from the United States possession of the San Juan archipelago.

Claxton was able to satisfy Stevens with his explanation that, for a justifiable cause, he had temporarily discarded his proper name, and the two became good friends. The latter was well pleased to have an intelligent fellow traveler, to whom he could give expression of his views on the important questions affecting the general welfare, which he did with the utmost freedom and candor. He was a Democrat,—not an advocate of ultra pro-slavery dogmas but an uncompromising supporter of the Constitution,—and a patriotic Union man. He believed that, as slavery existed when the National Government was organized and could not have been eradicated then, the statesmen of that time had acted wisely and with due regard for the well-being of the dependent race, in accepting the compromises essential to the unification of all the States under one government, having national power. He believed also that the time

had not come for changing existing conditions without bringing upon the country evils greater than the institution of slavery. He regarded disruption of the Union as the greatest of all evils to be apprehended, for if that should come to pass, slavery would become more firmly rooted where it then existed; and to that there would be added internecine strife as a certainty, and probably constant border warfare. Preservation of the Union at whatever cost was, in his estimation, the paramount duty.

Claxton was a Republican, and unswerving in adherence to the principles of his party. Nevertheless, he respected Stevens and had abiding faith in his honesty and patriotic devotion to the Union. In the campaign of 1860 he was an active worker to secure the nomination of Simon Cameron as the Republican candidate for President, and after the nomination of Lincoln, he supported the ticket rendering effective service as a platform orator and as a member of the Republican National Committee. At the committee headquarters he often met Col. James Cameron, brother of Simon Cameron, and won the friendship of that gentleman.

During the interval between the election and the inauguration of President Lincoln, the war spirit grew. President Buchanan's administration refrained from taking any steps for the defense of the Government, while members of the Cabinet abused their powers by rendering assistance to its

enemies, who were active in preparing for hostilities. The Civil War had its beginning, not when the first gun was fired, but in the sectional enmity openly expressed previous to the inauguration of President Lincoln.

In many instances a lady calling upon a neighbor, theretofore friendly, received insults instead of a welcome. In San Francisco the bitter hatred of Southerners for "Yanks" was as intense as elsewhere, and systematic methods were adopted for keeping it inflamed. The reason for this was the desire and hope of leaders among secessionists that California might be annexed to the Southern Confederacy and become a slave State.

Senator Gwin, Judge Terry, and many of the most wealthy and influential Californians believed that, of right, the new territory acquired by the United States, as one of the consequences of the Mexican War, should be homogeneous with Texas and the Southwestern States, and that it was a mistake to exclude the institution of slavery therefrom.

This faction had at times during the early history of California dominated the politics of the State. An illustrative incident being the action of the legislature in adopting a resolution expressing disapprobation of the election of Nathaniel P. Banks to the office of Speaker of the National House of Representatives. That election was the termination of a long contest in 1856, and the only known reason for the resolution was that

Banks was a representative of Massachusetts, and his opponent represented South Carolina. Those leaders and their influential backers believed that incident to afford convincing evidence of a strong sentiment prevailing in the State, which might be appealed to in an aggressive campaign for control of the State legislature.

General Albert Sidney Johnston was in command of the Military Department of the Pacific. He was a Texan, who had acted an important part in the proceedings culminating in the annexation, by the United States, of the Lone Star Republic, and it was confidently expected that he would, when called upon, surrender the forts, arsenals, and military property under his control.

San Francisco being the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast, Oregon and Washington Territory were its tributaries, and had to be taken into account, because the merchants of the city would bring to bear powerful opposition against severance. It was taken for granted that the interior tributary to San Francisco,—or at least all of the desirable part of it,—would necessarily adhere to the coast-line States.

Besides the desire to have the Confederacy extend from ocean to ocean, California gold was an important factor. The Confederacy would be aided by its acquisition, the Government would be crippled by its loss; hence there was a great deal of plotting and planning to get California out of

the Union, and hopes of success seemed to be well founded.

In the Presidential election, Mr. Lincoln carried the State of California by a small plurality, but more than two-thirds of the votes cast were divided between the three other candidates. That result was regarded as encouraging by the disunion schemers, but it dispelled the hope of success through action of the State Legislature, and a new plan had to be devised and developed by work carried on secretly, until conditions should be favorable for bold action.

The plan evolved in secret conferences had for its ultimate object the original purpose of annexing California to the Southern Confederacy; but, as a means to the end, the State was to be first severed from the Union, by setting up a temporary National Government, comprising the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and in a subsequent readjustment of international lines, California and New Mexico were expected to withdraw for the sake of advantages, deemed to be obvious, in becoming part of a more homogeneous nation, with domain extending from ocean to ocean.

An important preliminary step was at once taken, by organizing a secret society, styled Knights of the Golden State, the members of which were men vouched for as being unequivocally and unalterably opposed to submission to the authority of any Government headed by an aboli

tionist. Every Knight was obligated by a solemn oath not to reveal the purpose or existence of the society, and instructed to provide himself with a revolver and be ready, at a time to be appointed, to participate in a *grand coup d'état,* to be accomplished in the following manner.

All the disunionists in San Francisco, Sacramento, San José, Stockton, and a few other places, were to rush into the streets simultaneously and by noisy demonstrations overwhelm opposition; then by acclamation declare that, the Union having been dissolved by secession of States, and by reason of the acknowledged inability of the National Government,—theretofore existing,—to maintain its authority, the State of California, of necessity, asserted its sovereignty as an independent State, owing allegiance to no superior. This was to be followed immediately by the organization of a committee of citizens, which would require General Halleck to call out the militia, of which he was Commander, to guard all public property, and would make a demand upon General Johnston to surrender the forts, arsenals, and munitions of war in his custody, and call a convention of representatives of all the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, to establish a new National Government.

A criminal enterprise of stupendous magnitude must of necessity force itself upon the attention of others besides those engaged in it. The oath-bound Knights of the Golden State could not pos-

sibly prevent divulgence of their secret. It was revealed through drunkenness, through excess of zeal, through indiscretion in solicitations to join the order, and in other ways; yet those first apprised neglected to take any steps to counteract the poison that was corrupting the citizenship of California.

A young man, Southern born, whose relatives were all secessionists, was importuned to join the Knights, but was deterred by his ardent love for a young lady, who was hated by his family because she was a Yankee, and had been treated contemptuously by them. He shared her indignation and confided to her all the information he could gather concerning the plot; but, fearing evil consequences if either of them should be suspected of instigating action to thwart the conspirators, he restrained her from giving any hint of the matter to others.

She was wise and cautious, but the secret oppressed her like an awful nightmare, and the feeling grew stronger day by day that upon her devolved a duty to discover a way whereby a great public calamity might be averted. She was willing to act, but the great difficulty was to find out how to act, without doing more harm than good. Reflecting and pondering and conferring with her lover only confirmed in her mind a belief that to be an informer and give information direct to any Federal officer,—either in San Francisco or elsewhere,—would involve them in personal dan-

ger, with no probability of beneficial results. The sentiments of all Federal officers, who could take active steps to defeat the conspirators, were either hostile or unknown; and she knew that it was useless to write to any one about the matter.

The only thing possible for her to do was to give the information to Mr. Lincoln, or a member of his cabinet, as soon as possible after his inauguration; and it was her desire to find a person having sufficient influence to command attention of the incoming administration who could and would personally deliver a message revealing the plot.

In February Claxton, who had been on a business trip to Seattle, was in San Francisco, on his way back to the Eastern States in time to attend the inauguration ceremonies, which he intended to do, and while waiting for a steamer he met and was introduced to the young lady by her brother, who had been his classmate in college.

Her mind was quick to perceive that Clark Claxton was the very man,—one to be trusted to do the right thing in a matter of so much gravity. He was deeply impressed by her statement of all the facts that had come to her knowledge concerning the organization and plans of the K. O. T. G. S., and was able to satisfy her that he would certainly give the information to Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War as soon as he should be in a position to act upon her advice.

Claxton then had a quiet conference with a very

prominent citizen, a Union man, who corroborated the young lady's statement and added:

"Only a very few outside of the organization know anything of this matter, although there is a general apprehension of mischief brewing. Throughout the entire State the people are expecting serious trouble, and practically nothing is being done in the way of preparation to meet it. We have confidence in the Chief of the San Francisco police and in General Halleck, the Commander of the State militia, but we do not know what attitude the Governor and other State officers will assume, nor are we familiar with the sentiments of the majority of those citizens who may be expected to act in a crisis. The few whom I dare to consult with agree with me that it would be extremely unwise to start any movement that may precipitate a collision of forces while General Albert Sidney Johnston retains his present position as Commander of the United States military forces. We have expected him to resign his commission; the fact that he has not done so is ominous. If he can be ousted before trouble occurs, California will not desert; and the Union men of the State will be grateful to you for any effort you may make to have him removed."

Thus advised, Claxton left San Francisco on the next steamer, feeling that he had been sent by the Union men of California on a very important mission.

After his departure indiscreet persons called

the Unionists of San Francisco to hold a mass meeting, the object of which was to demonstrate the city's loyalty by a display of the strength of the Union party.

There was a large assemblage, and the patriotic utterances of the speakers were applauded enthusiastically; but conditions were not ripe for mustering the actual strength to be depended upon to combat the disunion faction, and the advocates of the Pacific Republic propaganda were encouraged by the obedience of the mass of their supporters to the instructions given them to stay away from the meeting and not throng the streets that night. Therefore, as an exploitation of relative strength, the affair was a total failure.

Claxton attended the inauguration ceremonies on the fourth of March and, at the first opportunity for a private conference with the new Secretary of War, imparted to him true information relative to the projected *coup d'etat* in California, and urged the immediate removal of General Johnston from command of the Military Department of the Pacific.

At that time the air was laden with many varieties of rumors and alarms. California was far away, and the gravity of the situation on the Pacific Coast was not realized, until Claxton's information happened to be casually mentioned in a conversation between the Secretary and General E. V. Sumner. That officer instantly became alert. He had recently held the office of Governor

of the Territory of New Mexico, and had a good understanding of Pacific Coast affairs.

Being told in answer to an inquiry that nothing had been done, and that Johnston was still in command of the Department of the Pacific, he said:

"Mr. Secretary, is not California a factor in the financial problem to be solved?

The Secretary admitted that it was, and added:

"There is scarcely any danger of losing California; the State cast its vote for Mr. Lincoln; the people are loyal."

"Yes," replied Sumner, "intensely loyal,—some of them,—and it will be shameful to leave the loyal ones to suffer for their loyalty. Your reference to the vote, Mr. Secretary, points to a good illustration of the uncertainty of results from popular actions. With less than one-third of the votes cast, Mr. Lincoln carried the State, by the quiet method of casting ballots. There are a large number of foreigners in the State who are not voters and not loyal. A number equal to half as many as voted against Mr. Lincoln can, with noise and tumult, take control and hold the State against any force you can send to recapture it. California has a habit of being controlled by a minority of the inhabitants; that is proved by the reign of the vigilance committee in San Francisco and by the reign of lawlessness that preceded the vigilance committee. Your only available forces for maintenance of National authority

are small detachments of troops, scattered from Fort Steilacoom to Salt Lake, and under the command of a general who probably intends to surrender without a fight, as General Twiggs has done in Texas."

That conversation took place but a few days prior to the day on which Fort Sumter was bombarded.

As soon as the President could be consulted, General Sumner was given an order appointing him to supersede General Johnston in the command of the Department of the Pacific. He traveled *incognito,* to San Francisco, arriving there the night of May 9, and, without loss of time, proceeded, wearing his uniform, to call upon General Johnston, whom he found at the Oriental Hotel, where he had already retired.

By insistence, Sumner gained admittance to that officer's apartments, and at once exhibited and read the order appointing him to command.

General Johnston blandly informed his successor that he would require only one day to adjust his affairs, and would turn over the command the following day. The 11th of May was the date set for the *coup d'état.*

General Sumner replied:

"I am in command now. I bid you good-night, General Johnston."

The newspapers next morning published the following announcements:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1

May 9, 1861.

By order of the President, I hereby assume command of the Department of the Pacific.

EDWIN V. SUMNER,
Brigadier-General.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 2

May 9, 1861.

Notice is hereby given that the forts, arsenals and property of the United States government, within this Military Department, will not be surrendered to enemies of the United States.

EDWIN V. SUMNER,
Brigadier-General Commanding Department of the Pacific.

The night of May 10th a large audience attended a performance by Cotton's minstrels in Maguire's Opera House, and the hit of the evening was made by an improvised song, which was applauded and encored. On the second encore, the whole audience arose and joined in singing the chorus and continued singing until all had learned it well. Many were singing it in the streets the next day, and soon the voices of children and others throughout the city were sending out the words:

Lord bless your souls, you know,
It's my impression
That everybody is bound to go
For the Union, right or wrong.

The popular outburst of Union sentiment that began in the Opera House swelled the next morning into a great demonstration. The publication

of "General Order No. 2" had the effect of changing the program; when crowds of people began to fill the streets, the leading Secessionists, who were to have managed the demonstration, failed to appear; the few that came forth to contribute to the success of their scheme by noise were not strong enough, numerically or otherwise, to contend against the many resolute Unionists, who permitted no disloyal utterance to pass unrebuked.

The hoodlum element was out in force, as it always is on every similar occasion. The word "Hoodlum" was coined in San Francisco to describe the class of young rowdies and habitués of disreputable resorts and loafers who, by their unwelcome presence and bad manners, annoy excursion parties and make trouble at children's picnics, and on New Year's Eve rush up and down Market Street, blowing tin horns, like a herd of bellowing Texas steers. They do not require a notice to muster; any opportunity to mingle in a big concourse is sufficient to call them out.

On this occasion they started unpleasantness by picking on a half-witted boy, who was trying to earn a living peddling fruit. His basket was kicked into the street, spilling its contents upon the cobblestone pavement, to be trampled by horses' feet. The loss was too heavy for the poor boy to bear; he cried. That incited the gang to roughhouse him. A lady remonstrated, and she

was jeered and insulted, till Major Jack Stratman, the news vendor, came to her defense.

He was an officer of the Third Regiment of the Militia, and a splendid specimen of stalwart manhood. In uniform his splendid figure and the large black mustache that he wore were noticeable because of the resemblance to General John A. Logan. He was very strong, as agile as a cat, and he loved to be in a fight, not for the fight's sake, but because he took pride in being the champion of whomsoever happened to be in need of his superior abilities. Coming to the rescue of the peddler and the lady, he was immediately supported by half a dozen members of the Third Regiment, and striking right and left with bare knuckles, they soon had hoodlums sprawling over the cobblestone pavement in nearly as great numbers as the spilled apples and oranges.

The lady took the boy into Norcross's store, where military goods were kept for sale, and staked him with two dollars' worth of red, white and blue rosettes, telling him to sell them for Union badges. His sales were rapid; people at first were attracted by his Jewish pronunciation, as he called his wares, "Union Bat-ish-es." But soon they were buying because they wanted to wear the colors. The boy's profits were not less than one hundreds dollars, and he was not without competition. The demand was so great that all the newsboys earned money selling badges and flags.

Before noon most of the inhabitants of the city were thronging the streets in the retail business section. Patriotism was contagious; many thousands who had been hostile to the Government, or indifferent, became enthusiastic Unionists. Rostrums were hastily provided, from which a number of orators stirred the hearts of all who could come within hearing distance.

Thomas Fitch, the silver-tongued orator, made a great speech; Frank M. Pixley spoke; the great preachers of the city, Thomas Star King, M. C. Briggs, D. B. Cheney, E. S. Lacy, and Eleazor Thomas all spoke, as though inspiration from Heaven had descended upon them. In the afternoon the militia, four thousand strong, paraded, —Generals Halleck and Sumner riding together at the head of the column; and at sunset Captain Isaac Bluxome's battery, stationed in front of the City Hall, fired a National salute.

From that day until now the subject of a Pacific Republic has seldom been mentioned.

CHAPTER XX

BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR

With the inauguration of President Lincoln, March 4, 1861, the Government passed into the hands of a new administration, pledged to maintain the integrity of the Union. The monumental task assumed by the statesmen,—who hitherto had been active participants in national affairs only as leaders of the minority party,—required time for adjustment of their relations with subordinate officers of the several departments; time to become acquainted with the views of one another, and time for deliberation in formulating the policy to be pursued. The first authorized announcement of the purpose of the President and his cabinet with respect to reprovisioning and strengthening the garrisons of forts within seceding States was a confession of unreadiness to act.

That declaration intensified public anxiety and called forth denunciation, unreasonable and bitter; but thoughtful men understood well that it could only postpone for a few days the inevitable collision of forces, and they began at once to prepare for the shock.

At that time Colonel James Cameron was the commanding officer of a battalion in New York City, called the Highlanders, composed of men in business and professional life. All the members were Scotch born, or of Scotch descent, and wore kilts, but they were all patriotic American citizens. Every man of them, officers and privates, enlisted under the first call for volunteer defenders of the National Government, after the bombardment of Fort Sumter; and, after being recruited and reorganized, were mustered in, with the strength of a full regiment. The first steps to enlarge the organization had been taken the next day, after a conference between Colonel Cameron and Claxton, which took place in New York City one evening during the first week of March.

Colonel Cameron knew that the Highlanders would go into the war as a body, and that many excellent citizens desired to be enrolled and go with them. He was very earnest in his desire to lead to the front a strong regiment composed of the cream of New York's citizenship, and to have Claxton in it.

"I will not wait for a second invitation. You may count me in, I will work with you from this hour," said Claxton.

And, true to his word, he took hold of the work with vigor the next morning, giving all of his time to it, and when the added companies were formed, he was elected Captain of Company M.

Claxton and his bride were very happy during

the months of their honeymoon. She encouraged him in his active participation in the Presidential campaign, and was proud of prominent men's recognition of her husband as a man of importance. When he went home after giving his promise to Colonel Cameron, Matilda confided to him a bit of news, and he made her very happy by the jolly manner in which he received it. While they were in high spirits he said:

"And now, Matilda dear, I have something very important to tell you. The war that we have been dreading is upon us, and I have promised Colonel Cameron to go into it as a member of his regiment."

"Oh, Clarkie," she said, "stand up straight. I must have a good look at you. When our baby comes won't he be proud of his soldier papa? I wish he might see you this minute."

Then the terrible word "war" made itself felt. She shuddered and became serious, and continuing, said:

"Why, in war the soldiers kill each other, but I will not have you killed. I will save you by praying,—I will save you by praying that your precious life may be spared."

There was not the mysterious foreboding that came into her mind on a former occasion when her lover sought her advice with respect to his choice of a profession. She shuddered at the thought of war, but felt not the least inclination to dissuade him from keeping his promise to Colonel

Cameron; for Matilda was a true American woman, and was equally as patriotic as her husband.

When his time came to speak again Clark said:

"By rights, a man who is the husband of a dear, good wife and a prospective father ought to obtain her consent before he enlists for war, but the right time for me to enlist came unexpectedly. I could not hesitate, and I knew that my patriotic wife would neither wish me to shrink from duty nor delay to act."

"O Clarkie; you always judge me rightly! I would be ashamed of my selfishness were I to hang as a clog upon my husband's neck, and deter him from discharging a duty to which, by reason of his manliness, he has been called."

The Highlanders were mustered into the volunteer army as the Seventy-ninth New York Infantry, and were prompt in getting into camp near Washington City.

The first battle of Bull Run was the first of a series of mismanaged operations of the contending forces, valuable only, in results to either side, because of the experiences. The opposing armies were about equal in numerical strength and in other respects. The two commanders were General McDowell (Union) and General Beauregard (Confederate), but both were outranked by general incompetence.

The only way to overcome armed force, made up of brave men, is by the use of superior force.

That is a self-evident proposition; but the higher authorities in Washington City refused to believe it until it had been proved to them by costly experiments such as the Battle of Bull Run. The army given to General McDowell to attack the Confederate army was nominally about twenty-nine thousand men, but its effective fighting strength was less than eighteen thousand. General Beauregard's army was about one thousand larger.

The attack was spirited and was sustained with valor, until a battery on the Union side was disabled by a volley from a regiment immediately in front of it, which, by reasons of the blue uniforms worn by its men, had been mistaken for a Union regiment. Instead of spiking their guns, the surviving officers and men of the battery tried to save them by a running retreat; and that hasty movement started a panic among the thousands of spectators who had come from Washington City for the expected entertainment of witnessing a real battle.

The noise and confusion made by scared civilians and their rushing equipages had their effect upon the troops engaged. There was no reserve force to support them and give steadiness to the wavering lines, and so the military show ended in a general panic, which might have been more disastrous, if General Beauregard had known of the happening in time to have improved a great opportunity.

The Highlanders were in the battle where it was hottest; they lost heavily in killed and wounded, and, when left unsupported, they retreated in good order, bearing from the field the body of their brave Colonel, who had been killed after the panic had started.

A few days after the battle an ill-advised application was made to send the whole regiment to New York to recuperate and secure recruits to fill the many vacancies in its ranks, made by casualties of the battle. Saddened by the death of his brother, Secretary Cameron was anxious to do everything possible for the Highlanders; and he was too easily persuaded to issue an order granting the application. Military exigencies, however, made it necessary to hold the regiment for the defense of the Capital. The men were informed that the order had been issued, but no information was given to them as to why, or by whose authority, it was annulled. Consequently, there was dissatisfaction and much complaining on the part of officers as well as men in the ranks.

CHAPTER XXI

INSUBORDINATION QUELLED

The Highlanders had another grievance; they expected that a new colonel would be chosen by the commissioned officers of the regiment from their own number, and commissioned by the Governor of New York. But an officers' meeting for the purpose was forestalled by an order issued by the War Department assigning Isaac I. Stevens to command the regiment. This was intended as a high compliment, but, for obvious reasons, it gave great offense, for which Captain Claxton was in a large measure responsible.

Stevens was graduated at West Point, first in his class that included General Halleck. By reason of his high attainments as a student of Military science, his honorable services in the Mexican War, his varied experiences in positions of high responsibility, his energy and extraordinary capacity, he should have been called into service, and have been granted at the start the rank of Major-General. There was urgent necessity for the employment of his talents, but prejudices worked against patriotism, and barred him from reëntering the regular army.

Stevens foresaw that a terrible war for preservation of the Union was inevitable; his loyalty to the National Government was unwavering; he knew that as a soldier he would be a defender of the Union, and he considered himself, as a graduate of the National Military Academy, obligated morally to act as though he were already in the military service of his country. Besides being a patriot, he was a wise man and a military strategist; and while the Government was totally unprepared to defend itself and was yet in the hands of an administration that,—notwithstanding hostility to its existence publicly proclaimed, refused to take any steps to prepare for war; with the treasury depleted; the leading statesmen of the North divided in their opinions, and Congress wasting time in discussing impractical plans for compromises to which Southern men would give no heed; and the policy of the incoming administration necessarily undefined,—he saw and appreciated the necessity for preparatory work to be voluntarily undertaken by individuals. He knew that Pacific Coast States and Territories were not left out of the calculations of the promoters of the Southern Confederacy. "Bleeding Kansas" was a term in common use, indicative of the actual strife and bloodshed that proved the deplorable conditions, inevitable in such a situation, that existed upon the border between slave States and free territory; and California was, like

Kansas, an object to be fought for as dogs fight for a bone.

And so, when he was relieved from duty at the Capital by expiration of his term as a Delegate in Congress, Stevens returned to his home in Olympia and took up, as an individual patriot, the work of preparing his fellow-citizens of Washington Territory to participate in the expected struggle to wrench California from the Union. He organized and drilled a military company, and lectured its members on the duty of maintaining the integrity of the Union; meanwhile watching for a dénouement of the plots and scheme of California Secessionists.

The telegraph was not yet in operation on the Pacific Coast, and news traveled slowly. Stevens did not hear that General Sumner had superseded General Johnston until more than a week subsequent to the great demonstration of Union sentiment in San Francisco on the eleventh of May. By the collapse of the Pacific Republic scheme, he was released from any obligation, real or supposed, to remain on the Coast, and he immediately wrote a letter to the War Department, tendering to the Government his services as a soldier in any position to which he might be assigned. Thereupon he hastened to the Capital and to the War Department, where he personally confirmed the offer made by his letter. He was treated as though he were merely one of the great throng of office seekers, and was told with chilling civility:

"There is no appointment to be made which this administration can give to Governor Stevens."

Which plainly implied either personal antipathy or that his political affiliations constituted a bar to the giving of any consideration to his application.

He called upon General Scott, whose staff officer he had been in the Mexican War, and was received by him merely as a friendly caller. He called upon the President, who listened courteously, but made no promise except to keep him in mind. He implored Senators and all the influential men in Washington to intercede for him, but received no encouragement from them.

When McClellan came, the urgency of many demands for immediate attention required the assistance of a man of Stevens' capacity, but surrounded, as the new Commander was, by a superfluous number of assistants of the mediocrity class, Stevens was prevented from meeting him personally, and McClellan was too unfriendly and ungenerous to give any heed to the common reports of the shabby treatment of his former superior.

A man of less courage would have been disheartened, and Stevens, when the money which he had borrowed for the expense of his trip from Olympia to the Capital had all been spent, was on the point of accepting an appointment to command a regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers,

which was tendered to him by the Governor of his native State.

At this juncture he happened to meet Captain Claxton. His chance had come. A short conversation was sufficient for the two friends to arrive at an understanding. Claxton loaned some money to his needy friend, and as soon as possible obtained an interview with Secretary Cameron, when he succeeded in convincing the secretary of Stevens' intense loyalty and sincere desire to serve the Government to the utmost of his abilities. To Claxton's great satisfaction he was made the bearer to Stevens of a commission as colonel and an order assigning him to the command of the Highlanders.

As soon as a uniform could be obtained, Stevens assumed the command, and being required to move the regiment from the place where it was encamped to a position designated for it, in reorganizing the army, he gave the necessary order to break camp, preparatory to marching.

All the officers and men, except Captain Claxton's and one other company, refused to obey or recognize Stevens as their commander. He would have been glad to deal with the situation single-handed, but time was necessary, and a reason for delay had to be given to General McClellan.

The first thing Stevens did was to summon three officers of the highest rank to his tent and exact their resignations. He told them plainly

that they must resign unconditionally and immediately, or he would send for the provost guard to arrest them, and they would have a drumhead court-martial, and if not shot, they would be stripped of their uniforms and driven from camp. No parleying was permitted; the resignations had to be signed, and they were. Stevens then sent Captain Claxton to deliver the resignations at headquarters and report the conditions. In obedience to his instructions, Claxton earnestly requested General McClellan to allow the Colonel twenty-four hours to subdue insubordination, in his own way, without assistance.

That request was refused emphatically; the large masses of civilians to be transformed into an army could not be properly organized and made efficient without discipline; there had been many desertions, and other regiments were clamoring for various indulgences, inimical to the service required; there was a pervading spirit of democracy, encouraged by many officers accustomed to court popularity in political campaigning by familiarity with voters, which was deemed to be subversive of military discipline; and the conduct of the Highlanders afforded an opportunity that the General would not miss.

The Provost-Marshal, with a detail, went to the Highlanders' camp and took their guns into his custody, and rations were withheld from them. At daylight the next morning two brigades of infantry took positions in parallel lines, with the

Highlanders between them; each line was flanked by a regiment of cavalry, and two batteries came into position and unlimbered, with guns pointed so as to rake the space between the lines, and General McClellan and his staff, mounted, took positions behind the batteries.

The infantry was ordered to load with ball cartridges, fix bayonets, order arms, and stand at attention, and the batteries were loaded with grape shot. The Highlanders realized that something serious was about to happen, and they were already assembled when drummers sounded the reveille. Colonel Stevens, in full uniform, but unmounted, came between them and the batteries and addressed them, saying:

"Seventy-ninth Highlanders! By your insubordination, you have called forth this display of power, which I assure you is not for mere show, but will be used to whatever extent may be necessary to compel obedience to your superior officers by all who may survive. Your grievances, for whatever cause, are not to be discussed. By the authority of the President, who is the Commander-in-Chief of the army, I have been assigned to command this regiment. You refused to obey the first order I gave; the next order I shall give will be obeyed by you, or these batteries will open fire upon you and you will be killed like cattle in a slaughter pen."

He paused, his eyes surveyed the group, then in a ringing voice he gave the command:

"Seventy-ninth Highlanders, fall in."

Instantly Captain Claxton stepped out, his sword flashed in the air and his words rang clear: "Company M, fall in."

Men cannot move with greater celerity than did those seventy-six men of Company M in stepping behind their first sergeant and facing in line. The sergeant gave the commands:

"Company, Right Dress—Steady Front!"

Then, stepping in front, he called the roll, faced about, saluted the Captain and reported:

"Company M all present."

The captain drew his sword again and gave the order: "Officers and Sergeants to your posts." And reported to the Adjutant: "Company M will obey orders."

The other companies were only a little behind in reporting readiness; and the regimental line was complete in five minutes. Then the Adjutant saluted the Colonel and reported:

"The regiment is in line and will obey orders."

Taking his place near the right of the line, the Colonel marched the regiment in column between the brigades of infantry and regiments of Cavalry, and countermarched back and again faced in line, in front of the batteries.

Then he gave the orders:

"Prepare for inspection, in open order. Rear rank, backward march! Halt! Officers and Sergeants, in front of your companies! March! Halt!

Eyes right, and dress your lines! Front! Parade rest."

Then, facing about, he saluted the commanding General who rode from right to left and from left to right between the lines and behind them and back to his place behind the batteries.

Colonel Stevens faced about and gave the orders:

"Officers and Sergeants, to your posts! March! Rear rank, to your place, forward march! Battalion, rest!"

Again facing about, he saluted the General and advanced to receive further instructions. The General, after expressing his satisfaction, ordered the Provost-Marshal to take the regimental colors into his custody, and restore the guns.

When the Colonel had returned to his place in front of the regiment, he ordered the Color Sergeant to advance, at three paces distant halted him, and the Provost-Marshal rode forward and took the flag, and the general and staff rode away. The regiment was again marched and countermarched between the lines of the brigades of infantry and the regiments of cavalry, and while that maneuver was being executed, their arms were stacked in front of the batteries.

When again faced in line the order was given:

"Take arms!"

Then, after each man had secured his own weapon, they were called to attention, and Colonel Stevens again addressed them saying:

"Seventy-ninth Highlanders! You are soldiers in the active service of the Government of the United States, whose existence is menaced. Your present duty is to defend the Capital of the Nation. You will be required to perform arduous services in the field and endure hardships, which will make the grievances of which you have complained appear trivial. The only way in which hardships can be minimized is by willing obedience to the commands of officers in authority. Your colors have been taken, but you have possession of your arms and opportunity will be given you to deserve honor and the restoration of your colors. Trust me, my Highlanders. I pledge you I will do my part. Will you do yours?"

"We will, we will," was the answer from every man.

Stevens had won the confidence of his men, and they began to respect him. A few weeks later the men redeemed thir pledges, by their valor in battle, and General McClellan personally gave back their flag to them. Less than a year afterward, at the battle of Chantilly, Stevens, then a Major-General, and in command of a division, led the Highlanders in a gallant charge and caught that same flag, ere it fell to the ground, when its bearer was killed and, with it in his grasp, was hit by an enemy's bullet and died,—a hero and a patriot.

The display of power in dealing with insubordination of the Highlanders was illustrative of

the theory of McClellan and Grant and Sherman, that the only right way to overcome resistance to lawful authority is by the exertion of superior force, and it was especially salutary in securing willing submission on the part of volunteer soldiers to necessary discipline, and in stopping desertions. In that affair no life was forfeited, whereas if a radical method of eradicating the democratic spirit of volunteers had not been carried out, a number of military executions might have been necessary.

CHAPTER XXII

MILITARY SERVICES AND PROMOTION

General McClellan acted wisely in thoroughly organizing the army and making ample preparations before starting on an aggressive campaign. The newspapers and politicians clamored for haste, bewailing the "masterly inactivity," which was a phrase applied to denote that General's conduct, while he was as busy as a man could be, doing the things necessary to be done in order to make the army efficient and to minimize the heavy sacrifice of lives, which he knew would be necessary to accomplish the subjugation of the spirit of rebellion. The clamor, though irritating, was recognized by him as a benefit, for by it the army was informed that the commander had regard for the comfort and welfare of the men who were to endure hardships.

It was a great comfort to the soldiers to have rations of coffee substituted for grog. That change in the army regulations was insisted upon by McClellan, and he stopped an abuse in supplying an adulterated mixture, in lieu of good coffee. Such care for their comfort made the soldiers love their general.

Denunciation for keeping the army encamped all winter instead of marching also informed the Confederate Generals that they could not expect success in an attack upon the National Capital, for which politicians of the South clamored, and had the effect of keeping the seat of war within Confederate territory during the period of necessary preparations for an aggressive campaign.

Colonel Stevens and the Highlanders very quickly came to an understanding among themselves, and in a few days there was mutual admiration and the affection of comrades, with the respect due to authority. In one instance, however, the wishes of men in the ranks prevailed; that was after Stevens had been commissioned as a brigadier-general and sent to join General T. W. Sherman's command in South Carolina. In some way the Highlanders made known their desire to go wherever he went, and the regiment was detached from the army of the Potomac, and followed him to his new field of service.

The order transferring the regiment was made by the President, notwithstanding the protest of General McClellan against the further weakening of the army, as it had been made up for the campaign of 1862 in Virginia. He placed a high estimate on the value of the Highlanders, which was justified by their behavior in the battle of Bull Run, in the skirmish at Lewinsville, and the gallantry of a charge, made by one company, upon an outpost fortified by General J. E. Johnston's

quaker cannon and abbatis. General W. F. Smith, commander of the division comprising the Highlanders, had information that the fortifications were sham, and that on the Confederate side there was a current joke that quaker cannon were good enough to scare blackbirds. So he conceived the idea of spoiling the joke by using only a single company to capture the position; and for that purpose he detailed Company M of the Highlanders.

In the hearing of the company he instructed Captain Claxton, saying, as he pointed to the ominous-looking fortifications:

"Captain Claxton, I direct you to take your company and reconnoiter that position. March in column, as though you were out for drill, over the intervening level ground, then form in line and rush to the top. If you are quick, and yell like Injuns, you will scare the Johnnies in a way that will be funny. Then give them a volley before they have time to regain their senses, and come back and report."

With alacrity the column advanced. Just then, Cadet Custer, who was absent from West Point without leave, appeared on horseback, and riding ahead of the column, cried:

"Follow me. Charge!"

And he set spurs to his horse.

Claxton halted his company, and then yelled to the apparition ahead of him:

"You crazy loon, go away, or I will shoot you."

And he drew his revolver to do what he said he would. He was obeyed; had he not been, General George A. Custer would not have become prominent in American history.

The cause of the interruption having disappeared, the company advanced, and to the letter executed General Smith's order. At the top of the hill there was no enemy in sight, but after examining the sham artillery, Claxton deployed his company as skirmishers, and advanced to a fence at the edge of a grove of scrubby timber, into which a volley was fired.

In a few minutes a regiment of Confederates came out into an open space about two hundred yards distant from the fence, and halted in line. Claxton retreated, and the regiment advanced to the fence and waited, as if expecting an attack. The regiment had been stationed there by General Johnston, not to fight, but for strategy, the purpose being to decoy a large part of McClellan's army to attack dummy fortifications.

Keeping out of range of the enemy's guns, Claxton waited to observe whatever display of force might be made, and tantalized the regiment by requiring his men to roll the imitation cannon down the hill; then exhibited the strength of his force by forming his company in line and maneuvering,—advancing and retreating in a manner to challenge the Johnnies to either a fight or a race.

The audacity of the performance was considered by the commander of the regiment as a cer-

tain indication of a ruse, and he refused to move from the position in which his men were protected by the fence. Finally, having fully accomplished the object of the expedition, Claxton marched with his company back to camp, and he made a satisfactory report to General Smith.

McClellan was pleased by the exploit, notwithstanding the undeserved ridicule that the newspaper heaped upon him for being, as they alleged, held in check by wooden guns; and he always liked the Highlanders.

In South Carolina the regiment performed a great deal of hard work, and was conspicuous for valor in all the battles in which Stevens earned promotion until he attained to the rank of Major-General, despite the fact that he served under superiors in rank who were inferior to him in ability.

Claxton was ever alert and indefatigable in the performance of duty, strict in obedience to his superiors, and equally strict in exacting obedience to him; but he was not considered a martinet, for he was considerate and not petty-minded. For these qualities, and because of his intelligence, he was so highly appreciated by many officers that promotion came naturally and rightfully.

The first advancement was after the battle of Chantilly, where he was in his place with the Highlanders when Stevens was killed. After the army under General Pope's command had been routed, it became necessary for the defense of

the Capital to reinstate General McClellan, who, though not deposed by any formal order, had been, in fact, deprived of command of the Army of the Potomac, by the merging of it into General Pope's army. His reinstatement was equally informal; by an order, which the President authorized General Halleck to issue, McClellan was directed to take charge of the defense of the Capital. Having much to do, requiring faithful service by intelligent staff officers loyal to him, he remembered the young man who had assisted him in collating the data from which the report of the Northern Pacific Railroad exploring expedition had been made up, and his favorable opinion was confirmed by all the reports concerning Claxton as an officer. And so, in the hour of extreme need for a man of exceptional qualifications, he made a requisition for Captain Claxton to be detailed as his special aide-de-camp, and for the next ensuing three weeks employed him almost constantly as a conveyor of verbal orders to the generals commanding *Corps d'Armée.*

Claxton, in the performance of his new duties, was by the side of General Mansfield when that officer was killed in the battle of Antietam, and in the rain of bullets to which he was exposed his horse was killed and he was wounded, though not seriously. The bullet passed between his body and left arm, cutting his coat sleeve and grazing the flesh of his arm above the elbow. With lint and bandages, which he always carried with him,

the wound was dressed by an officer of General Mansfield's staff, who also supplied him with another horse, which enabled Claxton to return to headquarters without much delay and to continue on duty.

Military critics have classified the battle of Antietam as a drawn battle, rather than as a decisive victory for the Union Army; nevertheless, by it General Lee's incursion into Maryland ended in actual defeat and loss of all the substantial advantages gained by his chastisement of General Pope, and it was a complete success for General McClellan in the performance of the special task assigned to him,—which was the defense of the National Capital.

The theater of military operations was forced back upon the soil of Virginia; the casualities of McClellan's battles were very heavy, and to have continued the fighting, as General Franklin desired, would have merely added numbers to the killed and wounded, without corresponding benefits; because the war could not have been terminated by any victory in a battle within a Northern State.

The battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville merely proved the wisdom of McClellan's protest against starting a new aggressive campaign, without an army of sufficient strength to accomplish what General Grant, with such an army, did finally accomplish by patient persistence and a great deal of hard fighting.

President Lincoln was willing to do,—and did do,—all that was possible to make the Army of the Potomac efficient, to the extent of the means provided by Congress; although he maintained that repeated failures to achieve success were chargeable to failures of commanding generals to use all of their available forces simultaneously in a way to deliver a crushing blow to the enemy in a single battle. Before the battle of Chancellorsville was fought he visited General Hooker, and strongly urged that in the next battle the whole of the army should be put in to fight at the same time.

After the battle of Antietam there was a scarcity of generals, and several new ones had to be selected to fill vacancies. The list of killed in September, 1862, included Stevens and Kearney, at Chantilly; Reno, at South Mountain; Mansfield, Richardson, and Rodman, at Antietam; Pope and McDowell were sent to distant parts of the United States; Hooker and Sedgwick were temporarily incapacitated by serious wounds; FitzJohn Porter was in arrest, and McClellan was slated for retirement.

Captain Claxton had won the confidence and personal regard of General McClellan, of Smith, Sumner, and Franklin, and they all recommended him for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general.

Halleck, the general-in-chief, approved the recommendation, but Secretary of War Stanton was

opposed to the elevation of any captain over the heads of deserving officers of higher rank. President Lincoln had a strong desire to have a confidential talk with a junior officer who had in many battles gained renown and, presumably, knew the sentiment of the rank and file of the army, and whose prejudices, if he had any, would be favorable to General McClellan. Claxton appeared to be the man wanted, and he was sent for.

At that time the removal of McClellan from command was contemplated, and that was a subject which weighed heavily upon the President's mind, for he knew that "Little Mac" was popular with the soldiers, and demands for his removal were more than offset by praise of him throughout the country,—some even hailing him as another Napoleon. It was the time of greatest discouragement for the administration in its entire history, and it was not foolish, then, to fear a Napoleon in the position that McClellan occupied.

The talk that the President had with Claxton was a long one, and very earnest. Claxton gave satisfactory assurance that the army was loyal to the core,—loyal to the Government and to its commander-in-chief and willing to fight and to endure. He was warm in defending McClellan against aspersions cast by his enemies, and the over-praise of his friends, who ascribed to him such Napoleonic qualities as might well be regarded as a menace to all who outranked him

in the Government. Being so well assured on these points, President Lincoln acted with firmness in acceding to Secretary Stanton's insistence upon the removal of McClellan, and in overruling his objections to the promotion of Captain Claxton to the rank of Brigadier-General.

CHAPTER XXIII

SERVICES AS A BRIGADIER-GENERAL

While the subject of the designation of a brigade for him to command was being considered, General Claxton was granted a furlough of one week, which he was glad to have for a visit to Matilda and the baby girl which had come to comfort her mother, and divert her mind from constant anxiety.

When the dimple-faced little atom of feminine loveliness was presented, there was admiration and joy expressed in her papa's eyes and voice; but he inquired banteringly:

"Is this our little boy?"

In token of forgiving his jest, Matilda kissed him before saying in mild reproof:

"Now, Clarkie, you must not disparage your daughter! A daughter can admire a general more than any boy can, and you must admire and love her too."

"I do, dearie,—next to just one other. I mean her mother."

Nothing was omitted that could make for the mutual happiness of Claxton, his family, and friends; but unalloyed happiness was impossible

while the terrible war continued to send gloom and sorrow into homes, whence the bravest and strongest of the nation's young men had gone forth to engage in bloody strife.

Claxton had stood up in battles when many of his comrades fell, and many times he had performed a soldier's sad duty, in consigning their mangled bodies to rest in the earth. The soldier spirit sustained him then and familiarity with horror hardened him. But a soldier's funeral at home,—when a stricken household mourns, and the grief of neighbors mingles with that of mothers, sisters, and loved ones,—is different. Such a funeral was an incident of his furlough: the funeral of his lifetime friend, Colonel Kingston, son of Judge Kingston, who received a wound that proved fatal, while leading his regiment in a charge in the battle of South Mountain, when General Reno was killed. Judge Kingston had brought his son home, where he lingered until the next day after Claxton's arrival.

The seven precious days of the General's furlough slipped away, and all too soon the time came when Claxton must return to the army and assume the responsibilities his new commission imposed. Then he could not keep out of mind the ghastly horrors of actual war. By personal experience he knew the extreme cruelty of ordering men to slaughter and to be slaughtered; he knew the anguish suffered by thousands of maimed and mangled men, lying on battle-fields unattended for

hours and days, when the pains of torn bodies and shattered limbs were almost engulfed in the more intense suffering from thirst; he did not forget, nor try to forget, that the sting of his own wound was from a bullet that passed in line with his heart, and only a few inches to one side, nor that danger to himself, in the exposure which he must make, was real.

He could neither ignore the protests of citizens against the carnage of the battles to be fought nor the sorrows of bereaved families of the slain.

He sympathized with Matilda, knowing well that in the coming days and weeks and months her anxiety would be ceaseless; and he was not insensible to the pleading of his baby daughter, who with eyes and hands, coaxed him to not leave her.

And yet, patriotism surmounted every deterring force, and he did not falter in obedience to the call of duty. The war was an existing reality, and there was only one way in which it could be terminated. The union of the States must be preserved.

To appreciate the situation as he saw it, a clear understanding of the practical working of the Fugitive Slave Law in antebellum days is necessary. The Southern States protected the right of property in slaves, and slaveowners regarded any one that harbored a runaway slave, or aided him to escape, as a criminal of the same grade as a horsethief. In the free States it was impossible to

maintain the principles of human liberty and equal rights and at the same time concede to travelers the right to come and go, accompanied by body-servants held in slavery, therefore it was necessary either to hold out freedom as an inducement to slaves to escape or sanction pursuit and capture and reënslavement of all who were successful in getting over State boundaries and upon free soil.

The Fugitive Slave Law enacted by Congress was abhorrent, for by its positive provisions Marshals were empowered to summon aid for the pursuit and capture of fugitive slaves in free States, so that every citizen was liable to be coerced into serving as a man-hunter. Now if the Southern section became a separate nation and the same right to cross an international boundary line to retake property were to be denied, there could not be that comity which is essential to the maintenance of friendly relations. And, on the other hand, recognition of such right as to slave property would be incompatible with the principles grounded in the consciences of the people of the free country.

That is the theory that Governor Stevens elaborated in his conversation with Claxton, when they journeyed together; and Claxton believed that the problem involved in the institution of slavery could not be solved otherwise than by the power of one National Government having jurisdiction over all the territory in which the cause

of irritation was seated; that, without restoration of the Union, there could be no hope of peace, and that the most merciful policy to pursue was to exert the National power with vigor, and ensure lasting peace by conquering the spirit of rebellion.

In the last hour before his departure, Claxton consoled Matilda by reassuring her of his abiding faith in the efficacy of prayer, and that the certainty of having herself and others praying for his safety daily strengthened his courage, and banished disquieting fears whenever he realized that peril was imminent.

He was, in fact, a brave man, who never boasted of being fearless. Instead of scoffing at the sensation of fear, he instructed the soldiers whom he commanded to emulate the conduct of two of Napoleon's soldiers who, as the story goes, bantered each other to keep up their courage as they were going into battle. One said to the other:

"I believe you are afraid." The other answered:

"Yes, I am afraid; and if I were scared as bad as you are, I would run away." And both marched on without flinching.

Good soldiers are not fearless, in the sense of being unappreciative of danger. Physical courage consists of strength of will to abide the consequences of incurring known danger.

General Claxton returned to the army and assumed command of a brigade of the Sixth

Corps, to which he was assigned by request of its commander, General W. F. Smith. The brigade was a strong one, comprising one regiment of veterans, whose Colonel, Ezra Simpkins, had been a cadet at West Point for three years. Failing to pass the required examination in June, 1861, he was dismissed from the Military Academy; but having a good record for deportment, he was recommended for a commission, and immediately entered the volunteer army as Second Lieutenant in a New York regiment already at the front, being commissioned to fill a vacancy. As other vacancies occurred, he had been promoted several times; and the casualities of the battle of Antietam, in which the regiment was badly cut up, left him in command,—all the surviving officers of higher rank being unfitted for service by disabling wounds. He therefore received a well-earned commission as colonel. The three other regiments of the brigade were all new and strong in numbers.

In the days preceding the battle of Fredericksburg, General Claxton worked with untiring energy in making his new soldiers as efficient as veterans. He made them drill, and instructed them in the right way to use their weapons. He had learned by experience that in the excitement of battle many men became useless by lack of care in loading and firing the muzzle-loading guns in their hands. In many instances, a soldier, mistaken in supposing that his gun had been dis-

charged, would ruin it by jamming a second cartridge into the barrel upon the first. He impressed upon his men the lesson that the highest degree of safety, as well as efficiency in battle, could be attained only by cool courage and care in the preservation as well as use of weapons and ammunition. He continually dinned into their ears the maxim:

"In a battle every man who cannot shoot is only a target for the enemy."

The good result from his efforts to promote efficiency was shown by the fighting of his brigade in the battle of Fredericksburg. General Burnside, complaining to General Smith, said:

"Your men did not fight enough." And he explained that charge by saying: "They were too slow in firing." General Smith answered:

"That is not true. Their firing was the more effective, because deliberate, and there was less waste of ammunition than in any battle I have observed."

That contradiction and statement was supported by General Reynolds, who was present. In fact, Claxton's brigade, which was the subject of General Burnside's criticism, had behaved with commendable coolness; the men made a spirited advance, stood in line, and suffered from deadly volleys fired from the enemy's protected position, retreated in good form when ordered to retreat, and, as rear guard when the Sixth Corps recrossed the Rappahannock, held the post of honor,

and by their deliberate and effective firing repulsed the pursuing army.

The only grounds for the criticism were that they did not fire too rapidly; and when there was no enemy within range they did not waste ammunition by firing merely to make a noise.

The battle of Chancellorsville ought to have been the decisive battle of the war. A victory then and there would not have ended the war immediately, but it would have prevented Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, and the battle of Gettysburg would not have taken place.

General Hooker was fortunate in gaining a favorable position for a battle, without opposition; and if he had brought his whole army into action, as he had been advised to do by President Lincoln, a victory should have been won. He failed to do that; and Claxton's brigade was part of the left wing of the army, which was held in reserve until all the advantages gained preliminary to beginning the battle had been frittered away, and the opportunity for striking the Confederacy hard in a vital part was lost.

In the battle of Gettysburg Claxton and his brigade were with the Sixth Corps, and they maintained their good record for doing what was required of them. They were not ordered into the fight until the last stage, when they helped to finish the second defeat of General Lee's army on the soil of a Northern State.

Lee retreated by stages to a position south of

the Rapidan. There was much maneuvering and skirmishing, but before General Meade was ready for another battle, part of his army was sent to Tennessee, to help the armies in the West to retrieve the prestige lost by the Confederate victory in the battle of Chickamaugua.

Claxton's brigade shared the honors of a splendid achievement, in an infantry charge,—ordered by General Sedgewick and led by General D. A. Russell,—upon the Rappahannock redoubts. This was less than half an hour after the Confederate commander had assured General Lee of his confidence in being able to hold his position against any assault that the Union army could make. The impetuosity of Russell's division, of which Claxton's brigade was a part, surprised him, and he, with all the surviving defenders of the position, was captured.

General Grant's triumph at Chattanooga proved his ability to cope with General Lee in Virginia and bring the war to conclusion. He took ample time to prepare for the next campaign, and instead of making haste in an "On to Richmond!" movement, he disregarded the newspaper critics, and adopted the policy of making the Confederate armies in the field the objects of attack.

During the time of preparation for the campaign of 1864, Claxton became well acquainted with General Rawlins, Chief of Grant's Staff, and was able on a number of occasions to give confidential information of great value, his worth as

a capable and reliable officer being highly appreciated at headquarters.

An incident of army experience was a general court-martial, for which Claxton was detailed to serve as president. Captain Jones was tried for killing Colonel Cochrane under extreme provocation, though not in self-defense nor upon a sudden impulse at the instant of injury. The homicide grew out of an incident, which resembled Pandora's box of vexations. Unfortunately for the army, politics made an inroad into the military camps, as a natural sequence to provisions made for soldiers to vote on election days wherever they happened to be. With the right to vote, there was, necessarily, the corresponding rights to electioneer and express opinions respecting candidates and parties.

Whilst it would be untrue to say that soldiers cared less for victories over the common foe than for the triumph of favored aspirants to political honors, it is a fact, nevertheless, that partisan discussions in the camps of the Union armies were indulged in, and frequently became so hot that attention was diverted from the main object for which the army had been mobilized.

With practical unanimity the soldiers detested the disloyal citizens of the Northern States, denominated "Copperheads," who voted with, and in some States controlled, the Democratic party. A notable instance was in the State of Ohio, where, in 1864, Clement L. Valandingham, one of

the most virulent Copperheads, while in exile in Canada was nominated by that party for Governor. There were many Democrats in the ranks and among the officers of the army, and they resented imputations against their patriotism by reason of their adherence to their party, expressed in the phrase:

"There is no difference in Democrats."

One evening, soon after the battle of Gettysburg, several officers of the Army of the Potomac constituted a convivial party in the tent of one of their number, who was a Democrat. He had been a good officer in the Mexican War, and had been promoted to the rank of Major several years prior to the beginning of the Civil War; he was still a Major. An army toddy was prepared, and, in a short speech, the Major proposed a toast to the Democratic party,—a speech that was intended to be patriotic and optimistic.

In eulogizing his party he said:

"The Democratic party is, unfortunately, at the present time, like the opposing party, temporarily in the grasp of men who have been able to seize control, while so many of its best men are in the army, fighting for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution. The Democratic party is the hope of the future, as it has been the defender of the Constitution in the past. Unworthy men will not be permitted for long to voice its principles. When patriotic soldiers shall have accomplished the immediate task of subduing

armed enemies, they will return to their homes, and they will not tolerate the no less dangerous foes of the best Government on this earth, in their impudent intrusions into positions enabling them to control and wreck. The soldiers will save the Union; redeem the Democratic party, and in its name, they will rescue the Government from domination by the minority party."

Several of those present were old stagers and Democrats, like their host, and they applauded the toast; but at that time any suggestion of an idea that the soldiers might become a force to overthrow the administration was regarded at Washington as seditious and dangerous, and for that toast the Major was summarily dismissed from the army by an arbitrary order issued by Secretary Stanton.

Another of the older officers in the party had been in command of a post where General Grant was stationed when a captain. Envy because of the success of an officer who had been a subordinate caused bitter feelings, which found expression in a remark that was a slur upon the General.

A calamitous outcome of the convivial party, which had assembled with no other design than to promote good fellowship, was the homicide. Captain Jones admired General Grant and felt called upon to speak in praise of him, after the disparaging remark had been made. Colonel Cochrane made an offensive retort, and followed that by a gross insult to Jones, denouncing him as a canine

and a coward. According to military ethics, that form of insult had to be resented, but Jones was restrained from instantaneous action by the fact that he was sober and Cochrane was drunk. Honor could not be vindicated by assaulting a comrade while in that condition.

The next morning he sent a note to Cochrane, saying:

"I regret the necessity for calling upon you to make the *amende honorable* due to me for the remarks which you addressed to me in the presence of others last evening. I sincerely hope that no cause for unpleasant remembrance shall be left to affect our future relations."

The note was carefully worded, to avoid any possibility of an inference that a challenge to fight a duel was intended,—duels and challenges being prohibited by the American articles of war. Yet Cochrane refused to make any other response than to tell the officer who delivered the note that he refused to accept a challenge from an officer of inferior rank to himself. By the articles of war he incurred liability to be court-martialed for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman; but by military ethics Jones was prevented from preferring a charge against him, because the offense was a personal insult, and all other officers failed to assume the responsibility of making a charge. They considered that they were excused from performing such an unpleasant duty while the army was confronting the enemy and might

become engaged in another battle at any moment. A fisticuff would only complicate the unpleasantness. Jones had to kill Cochrane, or be rated as a coward and poltroon.

Going into his immediate presence, when several other officers were standing near him, he faced Cochrane and said:

"I demand an apology for the insult you gave me."

There was no reply, but Cochrane looked around, as if expecting the bystanders to interfere to protect him. Not one of them moved or spoke; and after a brief pause, Jones deliberately shot him, and the shot was instantly fatal.

The court-martial was organized promptly; Jones appeared without counsel; the Judge Advocate made a fair presentation of the case, proving the fact and the manner of the killing and the circumstances constituting the provocation, and introduced in evidence Jones' note. Jones offered no defense. Thereupon, all others being excluded, the Court proceeded to make its findings and decision.

The Judge Advocate made up a written report of the facts of the case and the proceedings of the Court, which was approved. Then Claxton, as president of the Court, proposed that the decision of the question of guilt or innocence should be rendered, without any discussion; and that was agreed to.

The junior member being called upon to declare his decision, answered:

"Not guilty!"

And every other member made the same announcement.

The decision so rendered was approved by the commanding General and by the Secretary of War, and was heartily concurred in by the whole army; for the prevailing opinion was that a ruffian had met a fate entirely just, and that the slayer had merely lived up to the requirements of the unwritten law.

The charge on which he was tried was "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline,"—only military offenses being cognizable by a military court; and he was not prosecuted for murder by the civil authorities.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FRANCIS MARION OF THE CONFEDERACY

A FEATURE of the war, during the time of preparation for General Grant's Wilderness Campaign of 1864, was the series of night raids within the lines of the Army of the Potomac by Colonel Frank Bingham, with a small band of mounted men. He had familiar knowledge of every road and crossroad in that part of Virginia, and knew every farmer willing to aid him, so that he and his gang were able to ride fast on the darkest nights. For success in audacity his exploits resembled the romantic adventures of General Francis Marion in the Revolutionary War. The method of operation was to ride to the rear of the army, taking a devious course to an exposed military camp, make a dash upon it, and first secure, or stampede, the horses, do as much destructive work as possible in a few minutes, capture a few officers, and ride away with the prisoners and plunder. In some instances a second dash would be made upon the same camp in one night, thereby creating an appearance of a raid by a large body of cavalry.

Once an opportunity to capture General Grant

was missed. It was in the morning, the general was going from his headquarters to Washington to confer with the President, and feeling entirely safe within the lines of the army, he was not accompanied by a bodyguard. As the train approached Warrenton Junction, Bingham and his squad were scampering away; General Grant observed their cloud of dust and had the train stopped to inquire what caused it. He was told by the only man at the station that it was Frank Bingham chasing Yankee cavalry. That was a joke that Grant did not relish, consequently he gave orders to take effective measures to stop incursions within the Union lines; and a brigade of cavalry was detailed to watch for, pursue, and capture Bingham. But he enjoyed the sport of baffling pursuit in his night dashes, by avoiding the roads by which cavalry, to ride rapidly, must travel; and in the daytime he was in safe seclusion. The brigade commander became exasperated and caused notice to be circulated among the farmers that, when captured, Bingham would be treated, not as a prisoner of war, but as a horse-thief. That notice stung but did not scare Bingham; and it prompted him to the execution of his most daring exploit, which was a bold attempt to capture the General who proposed to treat him as a horse-thief.

In this he was aided by a deserter from one of the regiments of the detailed brigade, who voluntarily joined him. Having knowledge that

the troop to which he belonged was separated from its regiment, and presuming that if the fact of his absence had been reported the boldness of his re-appearance would overcome any suspicion of desertion to the enemy, the traitor conducted Bingham to the place where the regiment was stationed,—near the General's camp,—and in the darkness succeeded in convincing the officer of the night that Bingham's men were the troop to which he belonged. By reason of that deceit they were permitted to pass within the Union line. They hastened to the General's camp, seized the sentinel there, and would have accomplished the object of their enterprise but for the fact that the General was not there. Bingham was greatly disappointed, but consoled himself by taking as his prisoner another officer of high rank, and he made a successful getaway before the Union troopers discovered the trick which had been played upon them.

The Commander of the Brigade considered the invasion of his camp, under the circumstances, perfidious, and being highly incensed, caused the circulation among the farmers of a report that when captured Bingham would be hanged as a spy.

General Grant had a strong aversion to military executions, and he knew that President Lincoln had the same aversion. The summary execution of two spies had taken place in the West, without his approval, and the trouble resulting

from that transaction had been vexatious. Considering that it would be unwise to make a public disavowal of the threat to hang a man who had not been caught, Grant determined to stop Bingham's depredations, without any sensational after-clap. In a conference with General Rawlins, Claxton was selected to accomplish that purpose and he was instructed to eliminate Bingham from the problems of war without harsh treatment, if he should become a prisoner.

The assignment to special duty was cheerfully accepted by Claxton, and he at once formulated a plan to entrap his daring antagonist. To carry out his design, it was necessary to be personally present at the capture, so that he could claim Bingham as his prisoner. On his requisition, an infantry regiment of his own brigade, a squadron of the Fifth New York Cavalry, and four mule-teams with wagons, were detailed for the special service. Arrangements according to the plan were completed, and the necessary instructions given to all the officers of the detail on the night of the same day on which the task was assigned.

Fortunately, there was no raid that night, and the next morning Claxton went out on a foraging expedition among the farmers, taking with him one staff officer and one orderly, both mounted, and four teams, each wagon having two teamsters and a guard consisting of one corporal and four privates. Most of the day was spent in purchasing corn, hay, and vegetables; and when the

wagons were filled the expedition proceeded to a camping place, distant two miles from a designated rendezvous, where the regiment of infantry and squadron of cavalry were to be assembled after dark, in readiness to move quickly when called by a signal agreed upon. One company was brought to the vicinity of the camp, and sixteen men of that company were stationed as signal men, one-eighth of a mile apart, constituting a line extending from the camp to the rendezvous. Four men of the foraging party were posted as sentinels to guard the camp, and the others were required to go to sleep. Everything was arranged purposely for the raiders to find the foraging party intact, with all the men and animals present, except the orderly. He was in hiding, but, to avert suspicion, his horse,—with saddle and bridle on,—was hitched near the two other horses.

The party and outfit,—comprising a brigadier-general, a captain, twenty-nine other men, three saddle horses, sixteen mules, camp equipage and four large wagons loaded with provender,—constituted such a prize as Bingham was constantly looking for. In daytime his men were interspersed among the farmers, who used their eyes and ears to find opportunities such as that which the isolated situation of Claxton's camp afforded. By many successful night dashes upon outposts in rear of the army, he was emboldened to take whatever risk there might be in attacking this one; and it was his business to take such risks.

At midnight the expected happened: The raiders rushed upon the camp, giving no heed to the challenge of the sentinels nor to the shots that they fired; before the sleepers could be aroused and take their guns they were surrounded, and the animals were secured; and as the two officers stepped out of their tent, they were seized. Claxton was a prisoner and, apparently, doomed to suffer confinement in Libby prison.

After his sword, revolver, and purse had been taken, he was not subjected to other indignities. Bingham was highly elated, and treated his prisoner with the courtesy that a chivalric victor can afford to bestow. There was no apparent necessity for haste; the weapons, men, and animals were counted, and as provender was too scarce to be wasted where it could be saved, the raiders fed all the animals from the contents of the wagons, and piled all the plunder that they could not carry away into the wagons to be burned.

The teamsters were required to harness the mules, and Bingham informed Claxton that the wagons were to be burned. Since without saddles, men could not ride the mules fast enough, all those unprovided with horses to ride would have to be killed, if they refused to be paroled and become subject to the obligations of paroled prisoners. To that Claxton answered that killing would not be necessary. To an inquiry concerning his missing orderly, he answered that the man was known in the army as "Davy Crockett," hav-

ing acquired that nickname from his habit of explaining his frequent escapades by saying that "Davy Crockett never gets into a hole that he cannot get out of."

Thus far the only conversation between the two commanders had been curt and businesslike, without any indication that either recognized the other as a former acquaintance; but when the names of the prisoners were listed, with the rank of each and the organizations to which they belonged, Claxton gave his full name with special emphasis upon his middle name, and his eyes flashed as he noted Bingham's nod of recognition. For a moment the former comrades in military service,—in the days when both were privates of Company A, Washington Territory Volunteers,—faced each other, while a curious smile animated the countenance of each. Claxton waited for the other to speak, but by gazing held his attention. When Bingham spoke he said, with apparent reference to the announcement of his prisoner's rank:

"I congratulate you upon your attainment of high rank in the military service of your government; I am sure that promotion has been well earned; certainly it was not expected by any volunteer soldier of Governor Stevens' Indian War." The ice was broken, but there was no opportunity then for reminiscences, for at that moment the real surprise of the night occurred.

When the shots were fired by the sentinels,

Claxton noted with satisfaction a response by a noise, an eighth of a mile away, like the yapping of a fox, made by the nearest of the signal men. By his scheme, that sound was to be followed by the next man in the line who was to bark like a dog, and the next to crow like a rooster, and by a succession of such signals the alarm was to be passed from man to man, back to where the squadron was in waiting. Every man in the line acted his part according to program; a hoot from the last man started the cavalry and repetitions of the same signals, in reverse order, guided them as they rode in darkness at a brisk canter to the camp. When the last signal man yapped, they made a running charge with drawn sabers. Thirty infantry soldiers fired a volley at short range into the group of raiders, and at the same instant Claxton and "Davy Crockett" each struck Colonel Bingham a stunning blow; and before he could move a hand to defend himself, his wrists were seized and handcuffs snapped upon them.

The surprise was complete; the relations of captor and prisoner were reversed; Colonel Bingham, however, was more crestfallen by far than Claxton had been, when he was supposed to be a prisoner and in danger of having to suffer the hardships of confinement in Libby Prison. It was his time to be magnanimous, and he was. Those who were wounded when the volley was fired were made as comfortable as possible, and in the morning the killed were buried.

Colonel Bingham and all the survivors were paroled, and as he was never liberated by an exchange of prisoners, he did not again harass the Union army. General Grant considered that his exploits had been as legitimate as any of the purely military operations of the Confederacy, and was confident that his parole would not be violated. A nuisance was abated, and President Lincoln was informed that the credit was due to Claxton, who was recommended for promotion.

CHAPTER XXV

MEETING OF ERSTWHILE CHUMS

In the morning after the occurrences related in the preceding chapter, ere the paroled prisoners were conducted beyond the lines of the army, General Claxton, addressing Colonel Bingham, said:

"My response to your congratulations last night was not polite, but necessary, in view of the exigencies of the situation. Your parole necessitates the termination of your career as a Confederate soldier, for you will not be exchanged. While you are on furlough and afterward keep in mind the fact that President Lincoln and General Grant hold in their hearts no ill will towards the people of the Southern States.

"All that is necessary will be done to bring this war to a conclusion, with the Constitution and the laws of the United States in force throughout those States, as well as elsewhere; but it is their wish to avoid as much as possible harsh treatment of individuals, and my action in liberating you on parole, has been in obedience to General Grant's instructions to me. You were surprised last night, and I have arranged to sur-

prise you again this morning, by sending for an old friend of yours to meet you here."

Less than half an hour later Rev. Walter Wardell rode into camp and gave kindly greetings to both of his former comrades of Company A, of Governor Stevens' Washington Territory Volunteers.

The minister was with the Army of the Potomac, not as a fighting man, but as Director of the Christian Commission, a voluntary association of evangelists and nurses, engaged in beneficent work for the amelioration of physical suffering and for the spiritual consolation of sick and wounded soldiers.

At an early stage of the war the Sanitary Commission was organized as a philanthropic enterprise, on the lines originated by Florence Nightingale and since developed and expanded into the permanent and world-wide organization known as the Red Cross.

The Sanitary Commission operated through agents in the Northern states, who collected funds and hospital supplies, and through volunteer nurses accredited to the different armies. Though not strictly secular, its scope was what its name signified.

It was supplemented by the Christian Commission, which operated through similar agents and bands of volunteer workers, who were non-sectarian, Christian evangelists.

Rev. Walter Wardell was, as already intimated,

a prominent member of the Christian Commission, and the story of his restoration from the status of a backslider and the mire of despair, in which he appeared to be sinking at the time and place referred to when his name was introduced into this narrative, was told in his interview with his two associates in pioneer exploits.

The greetings exchanged between the minister, the discomfited raider, and his captor, were kindly, but not exuberant; for joy was modified by the serious nature of the occurrences that had brought them together, and their visit was necessarily abbreviated. General Claxton invited the other two to partake of his breakfast. The conversation naturally included reminiscences and general observations; but the time was mostly given to the minister's narrative, the main part of which follows:

"I was blessed by being born with religious susceptibilities, into a religious home. From the time that I began to think, my thoughts were religious, and throughout my childhood and youth and college days I was a zealous Christian and lived in contemplation of my life work as a minister of the gospel. During my course in the theological seminary I was a diligent student and animated by a sincere desire to know all that finite minds are capable of knowing of divine economy, and to be guided by the truth. I did not become a doubter then, but accepted the Bible as the word of God and believed in the scheme

of salvation as revealed in the New Testament: nor did my mind evolve any original theories opposed to orthodox doctrines. I felt that I was grounded in the faith and prepared to preach Christ and Him crucified.

"After my graduation I was overcome by a sense of great weariness and extreme nervousness, and sought for restoration by work in the open air. I went into the country and accepted employment as a hired man on my uncle's farm.

"There, my faith was subjected to an unexpected test, in this way: A very intelligent young man was my fellow-laborer and room-mate. He was a scoffer and a strong controversionalist. If I had been of like mind as he, or under no obligation to defend Christianity, he would have disagreed with me on political or social questions, for the mere purpose of indulging his fondness for argument. But because I was religious and expected to become a preacher, he was incessant in combatting all my religious beliefs. He could argue interminably, without heat, and his strength in debate was not impaired by bad temper. He was so good-natured and friendly that he apologized for wounding my feelings in his first onslaught in which he jeered at my piety.

"At first I was only mortified by reason of my inability to cope with this antagonist. Then, after a time, came the thought that if, notwithstanding my superior education, I were to be obliged to confess failure to defend the cause I had espoused

against attacks by an uneducated farmer, either the cause must be undefendable or else I must be unfit for the calling I had chosen. I tried to rally and to bring all of my reserve forces into action, but my best efforts only stimulated my adversary to increased vigor, and resulted in greater humiliation for me; and when my term of employment expired, I felt subjugated, and that my faith was shattered.

"I was like a mariner at sea,—without a compass and, by intervening clouds, deprived of star guidance. In sheer despondency, I became wicked and dissipated. Dissolute companions filched from me my money and reputation, and I was beggared and ashamed to return as a prodigal to my father's house. In disgust I broke away from my evil associates and wandered as a vagabond until, providentially, I met Frank Bingham. He took compassion upon me and took me with him to Puget Sound. To his generosity I am indebted for the opportunity to regain my lost self-respect. More than that: by his manly conduct and brotherly kindness, he helped to restore my faith in Christianity.

"That may be explained by an incident: One evening in our bachelor camp in Seattle, he aroused my soul by singing:

> " 'Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave and follow Thee;
> Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
> Thou from hence my all shall be:

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.'

"I felt the sting of remorse, for the first line of the hymn was a reminder of my broken vow. I was overwhelmed by despair. I thought that I had committed unpardonable sins, and that it could not be possible for me to claim God and Heaven as still my own. Soon I was in a nervous frenzy; all my latent energy became active; I resolved to take one plunge down direct to perdition. I raved and cursed like a maniac. Even then Frank, instead of leaving me to whatever fate my desperate conduct deserved, stayed by me like a brother. All night he talked to me hopefully and soothingly; at dawn I began to yield to the influence of his comforting voice; I was really surprised to find that I had survived to see the light of another day and, exhausted, I slumbered.

"It required several days for me to regain my self-control and self-confidence. I had to pass through a state of mental convalescence, and after I could feel that I was normal, I reflected and reviewed my past life and all the subjects of study in the theological seminary. I studied the Bible and sometimes I prayed. I was gratified to find myself drifting back toward my former beliefs, and hoping that my faith might become reestablished.

"After the Indian War, I worked with Frank in land surveying, but at the close of the working season of 1857 I returned home.

"In the Scriptures it is written that 'a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.' That is a truth that I learned sorrowfully, for it was hard for me to bear my mother's reproaches. Not in spoken words did she upbraid me, but neither her lack of trust and confidence in me nor her grief on that account could be concealed. I was her broken idol. My father was more philosophical. No explanations were necessary for him to understand my case, although I have no reason for supposing that in his youth he had been wayward or foolish.

"I could not be certain of my own fortitude, nor determine definitely upon the right course for me to take until I had had another encounter with the one that had been the instrument of Satan in diverting me from the straight and narrow path. I was impatient to meet him and when I had found him, I said: 'In your ability in the use of logic to undermine religious faith you possess a dangerous power; now tell me this: If by that power Christianity might be utterly annihilated, what could you offer to take its place that would be a better foundation for peace and righteousness, or would sustain hope, or afford consolation to the afflicted?'

"He answered: 'Nothing.' And he added: 'Furthermore, in your question and the only

truthful answer to it, there is the essence of the wisdom of ages and complete refutation of all the arguments I have ever made against Christianity. Religion is a necessity; humanity requires it. In countries where Christianity does not prevail, the inhabitants are not without religion; but their religions are not adaptable to the requirements of Christians. To meet their needs, Christianity alone will suffice; they differ in their beliefs on doctrinal points, and among them there are many who require the most ultra sectarian dogmas for their faith to cling to; but I have found freethinkers, infidels, and those who profess to be progressive and liberal, to be equally as intolerant as the most bigoted of Catholics and Calvinists, and not more honest. Those who boast of morality not begotten of religious superstition are not uplifted by being unburdened by religion, nor one whit superior to those whose conduct is ruled by hope of salvation or dread of post mortem punishment.'

"After hearing that candid declaration, I hastened to consult my father and told him of all the occurrences that had affected my conduct and of the renewal of my purpose to be a preacher of the gospel.

"To encourage me he said: 'I think that you are back on the right track again, and may God give you grace and strength to persevere. The Savior encountered Satan and overcame temptation. He knows the power of Satan and the frailty

of human nature. St. Peter yielded to temptation when he was weak, but was penitent, received forgiveness, and was commissioned to preach; his example is for you to emulate. By your experiences you have gained knowledged and, I hope, wisdom, which should add much to your ability as a minister.'

"In the course of regular proceedings I was ordained, and by the grace of God, I am what I am. But to Frank Bingham I owe a debt of gratitude for his friendship and help when I was in need of a friend."

The narrative finished and breakfast over, General Claxton did not flinch from his duty, to send away the one who, though a friend, was for the time being an enemy. Sternness under the peculiar circumstances was kindness, for it cut short the anguish of the two erstwhile chums, obliged to say farewell.

CHAPTER XXVI

PROGRESS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN 1864

In the month of May, 1864, Grant's campaign against Lee opened with a series of bloody battles. Day after day, from dawn to dark, throughout the whole month the smoke and rattle and roar of infantry and artillery firing were almost incessant. Cavalry, under the splendid generalship of Phil Sheridan, of the Union army, and Fitzhugh Lee, on the Confederate side, charged and countercharged, and sharpshooters kept at work with deadly effect. The grim resolution with which the Northern army sustained Grant's declared purpose to "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" was matched by the obstinate resistance of Lee's army, fighting in intrenched positions.

The habit of starting an onward movement toward Richmond, only to be abandoned, followed by a Confederate invasion of a Northern State, was discontinued. Instead of superseding the commanding general, Grant was retained and, sustained when he called for reënforcements, he demonstrated the national power to crush opposition to its authority within the boundaries of the

rebellious states. That was the point gained by the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, and that was the beginning of the end of the war. By keeping Lee employed in defending intrenched positions, Grant sealed the doom of the Southern Confederacy. The losses in killed and wounded were excessive, but the Union was saved.

On the ninth of May General Sedgwick, successor of General Smith as commander of the Sixth Corps, was killed. His successor, General Wright, was a brave and competent commander, and there was no murmuring nor shirking of duty among his men, although there was grief for the loss of Sedgwick and soreness on account of the injustice to Russell, in refusing to grant General Meade's request for his promotion immediately after the victory of his division in its successful charge against the Rappahannock redoubts and capture of the defenders of that position. The soldiers felt that if he had been made a Major-General then, as he deserved to be, he should have been Sedgwick's successor.

Unable to drive Grant away by hard fighting in defending his entrenched lines, General Lee made his last aggressive attempt by sending an army, commanded by General Jubal A. Early, to make a demonstration against Washington City, in the hope that for its defense the War Department would withdraw the Union army from its position confronting the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia. Grant, however, was allowed to match his skill against Lee's, and he did not find it necessary to retreat and expose his rear to the attack that Lee desired to make.

General Wright, with the Sixth Corps, was sent to defend the National Capital, reaching there before Early was ready to invest it, or make an attack. The Confederate commander acted prudently in avoiding the repulse and losses that his army would have suffered, if he had risked a battle with Wright, and withdrew to save his strength for the struggle to ensue in the Shenandoah Valley, which was the principal source of supply for provisioning Lee's army and the inhabitants of Richmond.

General Grant's plans for the year 1864 comprehended the taking of that valley in time to secure the year's crops and the cattle therein. For that purpose a strong army, of which the Sixth Corps was a part, was organized, and General Phil Sheridan was appointed its commander. Secretary Stanton objected to this appointment on the ground that he considered Sheridan too young. But the young soldier's capacity had been proved; besides, General Grant had strong faith in his own ability to judge of the qualifications of the generals he personally selected for special work, and by his insistence the command was given to Sheridan.

Grant believed in young men, in the usefulness of cavalry, and in Sheridan's ability to handle

cavalry effectively; and so, to strengthen it, three divisions of that arm of the service were assigned to the new army, one of which was commanded by Merritt and another by Custer,—two of the youngest men commissioned as Major-Generals during the war.

General Grant took pains to give Sheridan definite instructions to sweep the valley bare, leaving no fragment of a hostile army nor supplies to support one. He was persistent in keeping the new army detached for that particular task, and in the end his plan was completely executed, notwithstanding impediments created by the War Department.[1]

[1] In a dispatch to General Halleck, whose position then was Chief of Staff in the War Department, dated August 1st, General Grant gave an outline of the work that General Sheridan was required to do, which was the occasion for the following extraordinary message from President Lincoln to Grant:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 3rd, 1864.

"LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT, City Point, Va.:

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here ever since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of following him to the 'death,' in any direction. I repeat to you, it will be neither done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour, and force it.

"A. LINCOLN."

It had been the policy of General Halleck and Secretary Stanton to keep the Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley moving in such a manner as to avoid a battle and to be always available for the defense of the Capital. At that particular time, men were being drafted in some of the Northern States to make up their quotas of recruits for the army, and there were treasonable attempts to incite riotous resistance.

The last hope of the Confederacy was for aid to come from sympathizers in the North, through that kind of disturbances and the use of ballots in the Presidential election to be held in November. It was generally believed that another Confederate victory, in a battle like Chickamauga,

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Acting on that suggestion from the President, Grant went through Washington without stopping there, to a meeting with Generals Hunter and Sheridan, and gave to the latter personally his instructions.

Again, just a few days before the battle of Winchester, Grant visited Sheridan, and in an interview at that time he approved the plan for the campaign, which Sheridan had prepared. Later an order that Grant sent to Sheridan through the War Department was so misinterpreted in transmission that Sheridan's movements were halted until he received direct instructions from Grant.

Sheridan's absence from his place with the army at the beginning of the battle of Cedar Creek was due to the fact that he was called to Washington by the President because of his failure to keep the War Department advised of the daily operations of his army.

This is true history. See "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," Vol. II, pp. 317-21, 332-339.

would cause distrust of Lincoln's administration to such an extent as to carry the Democratic party on a wave of triumph back to control of the Government. Although McClellan was the nominee of the Democrats, that party had by its platform, adopted in a national convention, declared its opposition to continuance of the war; and had that party gained ascendency, the disunionists among its leaders would have used all their power to thwart every effort to save the Union.

These conditions, which sustained hope on the Confederate side, had a depressing effect upon the authorities in Washington. General Grant was instructed to take in sail and to hold part of his force in readiness for use in suppressing anticipated riots in New York and other Northern cities, where the draft had to be enforced. He was restrained by orders positively forbidding him to incur the hazard of a general battle, and yet he had to be prepared to fight whenever General Lee might choose to order an attack upon either one of the three armies commanded respectively by General Meade, General Butler, and General Sheridan. To avoid disaster, without aggressive activity, was impossible; Lee had to be kept busy guarding his front and rear and flanks, for if left alone, he was capable of massing his forces in a way to deliver an effective blow at any vulnerable point.

Newspaper correspondents, spies, and traitors

were constantly busy in Washington, and were quite successful in eliciting information of all that transpired in the Capital affecting the plans and operations of the armies, news being freely transmitted through the lines, so that what General Lee knew, or could surmise, concerning the Washington policy of prudence was about equal to General Grant's knowledge. To win a decisive victory over one of the three Union armies in Virginia in time to help the Democratic party in the Presidential election, was the object of Lee's plans and endeavors.

To accomplish that object, he waited and watched for a favorable opportunity, hoping that the strength of the armies confronting him might be reduced by the withdrawal of troops for service elsewhere, or that the timidity of the authorities in Washington would hamper Sheridan, so that General Early might achieve successes equivalent to a victory in another incursion into Northern territory. Thus Lee waited and hoped in vain until the middle of September, and then gave the order for Early to invade Pennsylvania.

Sheridan was, in fact, by means of restraining orders from the War Department, kept in a defensive attitude until September 15, when he was visited by General Grant, who approved his plans for an aggressive campaign and gave orders authorizing him to use his army to accomplish the object for which it was organized.

Sheridan was ready and eager; he started at

once and met Early at Opequon Creek, and there, on September 19, the battle of Winchester was fought and a victory scored to the credit of the young general.

At a critical moment in the battle, when Rhodes' division of the Confederate army had forced itself, like a wedge, between the Sixth Corps and the Nineteenth Corps, a disaster was averted by a quick movement of Russell's division. Leaving its place in the Union line, it took a new position confronting the assailants, and in the desperate conflict in which their divisions then engaged, Russell and Rhodes were both killed.

The assault was repulsed, and this movement was viewed as a test of the relative efficiency of Northern and Southern soldiers, the claimed superiority of the Southerners being disproved. Not that they were inferior in courage, but they could not stand for long against the steady storm of bullets, fired with the method in which Claxton had drilled his brigade. In the war the quantity of lead consumed in firing was equal in avoirdupois to the weight of all the men hit by bullets; and by far the greatest number of fatal shots were fired by trained sharpshooters, who aimed at an object, instead of wasting ammunition by random firing.

In General Early's published narrative of his contest with Sheridan for possession of the Shenandoah Valley, he attributes his defeat to su-

periority of equipment of Sheridan's cavalry; but it was the deadly effect of accurate firing by Russell's division that repulsed the assault of Rhodes' division after it had made a breach in the Union line. And by that repulse the only chance for a Confederate victory at Winchester was lost.

Early retreated to Fisher's Hill, where he tried to make a stand within defensive works; but Sheridan whipped him again, and then commenced to gather the crops and cattle that he had been sent to secure, or destroy.

These victories stimulated enthusiastic patriotism throughout the Northern States, inspired hope and new courage in all the armies, and were very gratifying to General Grant, who ordered a celebration by firing a salute of one hundred cannon shots aimed at the enemy. Secretary Stanton, however, felt disturbed by the manifestations of Sheridan's popularity and by complaining of neglect, he induced the President to order Sheridan to come to Washington in order to keep the Department advised of the details of the daily operations of his army.

On the General's arrival there he was not honored as a commander who had recently won a substantial victory, but he received attention in the War Department, which was denied to General Russell when that officer appeared there, pursuant to an order by General Meade, for the purpose of presenting the Confederate battle

flags captured by his division when it stormed the Rappahannock redoubts.

Being interrogated concerning occurrences at Winchester, as though an explanation were due, all that Sheridan had to tell was:

"Early tried to lick us; we licked him, and did it again when he gave us another fight at Fisher's hill."

Then he was asked to explain his plans for future action, and he answered, saying:

"My plan is to do three things: First, to fight, second, to keep on fighting, third, to continue fighting until the end of the war; and I'm in a hell of a hurry to get back to the place for fighting."

Secretary Stanton did not make an order dismissing Sheridan from the army, but that is what he would have done, if his previous over-officiousness in making such an arbitrary order of dismissal had not strained the President's patience so that any repetition of such abuse of power was restrained by a rule, whereby an order dismissing an officer from the army was subject to correction by a board of military officers. He narrated the interview to the President in the manner of a friend reluctant to expose evil, and expressed regret for having to say that, in his judgment, Sheridan was too wild and headstrong to be trusted. Conditions, however, were not similar to those existing when he began to break down the President's confidence in McClellan.

Mr. Lincoln had been greatly depressed by open hostility to his administration on the part of an element of the Republican party,—represented by such influential men as Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Benjamin F. Wade, Henry Winter Davis, and General Fremont,—and the very manifest lack of enthusiasm of his supporters. Then, too, the most prominent Republican newspaper, the *New York Tribune,* had been expatiating on the brutality of the war and urging suspension of military operations, in order to facilitate negotiations for peace, and the President had been so disheartened that he believed that his defeat in the coming election was certain. But now the tide had turned, he felt that he could trust Grant and whomsoever Grant stood responsible for.

In August Admiral Farragut, with the fleet that he commanded, had entered Mobile Bay and held it, effectually closing that port against blockade runners; and in September General Sherman, in the successful invasion of Georgia, had captured Atlanta, and General Sheridan's army had been victorious in two battles.

These occurrences were being made the basis of arguments by supporters of the administration, refuting the Democratic declaration that the war was a failure. Throughout the Northern States manifestations of public sentiment friendly to Mr. Lincoln personally, and in favor of the vigorous exertion of military power, were very strong. The President felt the reaction; his

gloom had given place to buoyancy of spirits; he gave the Secretary no chance to urge the removal of Sheridan from his command, but did give him an order for the promotion of Claxton to the rank of Major-General, his commission to be dated the nineteenth of September, on which day, by the death of General Russell, the command of the division had devolved upon him,—a command that he retained until the end of the war.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK

As soon as Sheridan could obtain permission to do so he left Washington to resume command of the army. *En route,* he stopped overnight at Winchester, which was twenty miles from Cedar Creek, where the main body of his army was encamped.

General Early had confidence in his own ability as a general and underrated Sheridan. His army was not so badly demoralized by the two lost battles as to cause him to abandon hope of a final triumph to be achieved by superior generalship. Ambition and the necessities of the Confederacy spurred him to watch for an opportunity and plan to strike a stunning blow. The inactivity of the Union army during the absence of its commander was deemed to be proof of lack of energy and stupidity on Sheridan's part and an augury of success in a bold exploit.

General Wright, the temporary commander of the Union army, was vigilant in watching by day for any movement General Early might make, but he did not credit the Confederate commander with capacity for a stealthy movement at night.

Overconfidence in safety, by reason of Early's lack of strength for an aggressive attack, was confirmed by a piece of strategy by which General Lee tried to scare the authorities in Washington, in the hope that Sheridan might be in some way handicapped by orders from the War Department, or that General Grant might be deceived and commit a blunder. A sham dispatch from General Longstreet to General Early was transmitted in a manner to make certain that it would be intercepted by Union soldiers. A courier rode a jaded horse almost into General Custer's camp and when captured, falsely pretended to have taken a wrong road by mistake. On being searched, the letter was found, the purport of which was that Longstreet was coming with reenforcements and Sheridan was to be crushed.

The sham dispatch was delivered to General Wright, and was communicated to General Sheridan while he was *en route* to Washington. It failed to create an alarm in Washington, for the reason that Sheridan intentionally failed to make any mention of it in the War Department. General Early planned a *coup de maître,* requiring for success a night march; the flanking of Sheridan's army by one division, to gain a position in its rear, and a front and rear assault, simultaneously, upon the Union camp while the soldiers were asleep.

That plan was executed skillfully on the very night that Sheridan stayed at Winchester, when

he was returning from Washington. At dawn the next morning, which was the nineteenth of October, the attack was made upon the front and rear of the Eighth Corps, and before the sleeping soldiers could put on their clothes and get their guns in hand, they were being massacred. All who could do so fled: there was nothing else to do. The attacking force swept through their camp and seized their artillery, which was promptly put to use in routing the Nineteenth Corps.

The noise of those guns beat the military telegraph in conveying news to Sheridan. He was up, and his horse, Rienzi, was saddled by the time he received the first dispatch from General Wright.

Then Sheridan started on his famous ride.

His good horse, animated with the spirit of war, heard the roar of artillery and, sharing the rider's eagerness, galloped that twenty miles in four hours, and still had vim for every service required of him by his master's successful efforts to reverse the conditions that had prevailed in the morning.

The army was not so badly demoralized as the large number of runaways that he met seemed to indicate. The Sixth Corps was intact and well placed in line of battle and, in rear of it, Sheridan found most of the officers and all the color-bearers, with the flags of the regiments that had been dispersed. So there was no great difficulty in restoring the organization of the soldiers, who,

following their general, returned in time to take part in the battle. In that group of officers of the Eighth Corps were several that subsequently became prominent among the leading statesmen of the country, including General Rutherford B. Hayes and Major William McKinley.

General Claxton was up and dressed when the first rattle of musketry, followed by the familiar "rebel yell," startled the slumbering army. By his intelligent efforts, his division was formed in a single line, fully equipped for battle, and ready to receive the assault that was made upon it under General Early's personal direction.

Claxton, standing at the right of his line, sent a staff officer to convey an order to regimental officers, directing them to require their men to hold their fire until a shot from his own revolver should signal them to begin deadly work, and then each regiment successively, from right to left, should deliver a volley.

He stood and waited while the foemen, in double line, advanced, delivering their fire in volleys by rank: that is to say, the men in the front rank would fire, and while they were reloading, the rank behind would step forward into the smoke, halt and fire. The enemy wasted considerable ammunition firing at long range, but at last Claxton's men began to fall, and General Ricketts, temporary commander of the Sixth Corps, who was standing by Claxton's side, was severely wounded. Then, when the advancing rank stepped

forward, it came within point blank range, and the signal shot was fired.

It was an effective shot. A Confederate officer fell. Then commenced the regimental volleys, according to the order given, and the Claxton method of firing. In ten minutes the number of killed and wounded on the Confederate side was more than one thousand. The onslaught was checked; but Claxton moved his division back to its proper place in the line, which had been formed by the other divisions of the Sixth Corps, the command of which devolved upon him, until he was relieved by General Wright after the arrival of General Sheridan.

The second line of battle was in a good position to withstand an attack by infantry; but General Early brought artillery to play upon it at long range, inflicting losses in killed and wounded so heavy that General Wright ordered a retreat. General Early was unable to pursue, for the reason that his men were worn out by night marching and hungry. They had nothing in their haversacks, but there was an abundance of pork, coffee, and hardtack in the camps that they had captured. They had not tasted coffee for many months, and now they could fight no longer without breakfast. They feasted and rested until noon.

Seeing that there was no pursuit, Claxton persuaded General Wright to order the retreating army to halt, to make a stand for another fight, and to use the cavalry to impede the progress of

Early's artillery. The Sixth Corps was then formed in line, as Sheridan had found it on his arrival,—protecting the rallying ground, where the officers and color-bearers of the Eighth Corps assembled.

Sheridan arrived at half-past ten a. m., and immediately sent the cavalry to hasten the return of the fugitives. Then he improved the time during the lull in the storm of battle by giving instructions to officers and putting heart into the men by the display of his own valor and determination.

A hot fight was expected, and possibly the fate of the nation was to be decided. Success or failure to wipe out the disgrace of being whipped by a force inferior in numbers and equipment would certainly have political effect, and Sheridan, riding in front of the line with hat in hand, told all the men that now they must fight for Lincoln and the Union. The men caught the idea and became, like their general and his horse, intoxicated with the spirit of war and with eagerness to fight.

At the same time the demoniac spirit of war deserted their enemies, so that the expected fight degenerated into a second stampede and a chase, with the Union army doing the chasing.

By strenuous exertions the Confederate division commanders got their men lined up and ready for action, and General Early rode to the front, intending to lead his men up to the firing line

and then to order a charge. The men, however, knew what it meant to go against Claxton and the Sixth Corps. In front of them two hundred of their dead comrades were lying in windrows, and nine hundred badly wounded and mangled ones, unable to endure agony in silence, were moaning and shrieking and cursing. The army had ceased to be like a machine, which one man might compel to exert its force; individual intelligence was asserted in the ranks; the taste of coffee had revived desire to live, and their consciences condemned the wanton sacrifice of life when there was no hope of any compensating benefit to country or posterity.

In the morning the Union army had been surprised, but in the afternoon, when General Early rode to the front and called to his army to come on, he was *astounded;* for every order of division and brigade commanders to march failed to start the column. Early commanded, harangued, expostulated, and implored; Gordon, Kershaw, Wharton, and Ramseur did likewise; but all in vain. There, on the field of battle, the victorious army obstinately persisted in refusing to obey the commanding general. There and then the rebellion ought to have ceased, for the private soldiers had found out that the war was useless and wicked.

The smoke having disappeared, Sheridan with his field glass was able to observe the pantomime performances of the Confederate officers; and

noting the extraordinary delay in starting forward, he decided not to wait for an attack.

A little time was taken to pass word along the line that the camps were to be retaken, and then the order was given to move upon the enemy. There was only a pretense on the part of the Confederates to make a stand for a fight; and then one division after another broke ranks, and the stampede commenced. General Ramseur made heroic efforts to make his division fight, and while persevering was mortally wounded. As he fell, facing the advancing foemen, he cried to his men:

"Stay with me! I will not run to be shot in the back."

But demoralization had then made such headway that the appeal of a comrade was as unheeded as the voice of a commander had been, and he was left to be cared for and comforted in dying by the Christian Commission serving with the Union army.

General Early, in attempting to explain his defeat, claimed that the privates simply made the mistake of deciding for themselves when the proper time had come to give up the battle, and that if he could have rallied five hundred men to fight as a rear guard, he could have saved his wagon-train and artillery. Of course it would have been better if the retreat had been conducted in an orderly manner, but the mistake was his in not ordering a retreat when his men refused to renew the fight, and before his divisions became

disorganized. His men were not cowardly nor mistaken in their judgment that more fighting and greater carnage was not justifiable, and their refusal to follow him in another onslaught upon the Sixth Corps saved him from responsibility for the killing and mangling of several thousand men.

Further in his narrative General Early intimates that the pursuit was not so vigorous as it might have been. Whether that is true or not, the results were satisfactory. Sheridan captured his wagon-train and all his artillery, and completed the destructive work necessary to deprive the Confederacy of supplies essential to continue military operations for another year.

A visitation of real war was given to the Virginians when Sheridan's cavalry called at every farm in the valley and, leaving only a scant supply for sustenance of non-combatants and for seed, either took away or destroyed all the corn, hay, vegetables, pigs, and cattle. Some of the officers refused to participate in work so destructive as barn-burning, although it was deemed legitimate as a military necessity and although General Grant's order required it.

The barn-burners met with only feeble opposition from the small bodies of Confederate cavalry; there was, however, several lively skirmishes, and once during the winter General Custer's division was whipped.

The operations of the cavalry were not en-

tirely finished until March, 1865. Then there was a last battle, in which only cavalry were engaged. Disdaining the use of carbines and revolvers, the opposing squadrons set upon each other, striking, thrusting, and parrying with their sabers in a regular old-fashioned tourney, and many of the men engaged were able in after years to exhibit scars from saber wounds. Such a hand-to-hand conflict could not be prolonged without re-forming the respective lines, and for that purpose they separated and receded to a distance of half a mile from each other. And then the most dramatic incident of the whole war occurred.

On a splendid black charger, John Catlin, Trumpeter of Troop A of the Fifth New York Cavalry, rode in front of the Union line and sounded the "Rally." Then he immediately galloped across the intervening space to a position in front of the Confederates and sounded the "Rally" for their side. That bold *défi* so excited the admiration and so roused the spirit of Virginia chivalry that, instead of accepting the challenge, they cheered the trumpeter, the Northern troopers responding by cheering their adversaries; whereupon the Virginians acknowledged that compliment in an answering cheer and then rode away.

There was no pursuit, but Catlin's bugle had sounded—Taps.

So ended the war in the Shenandoah Valley.

CHAPTER XXVIII

END OF THE CIVIL WAR

In the concluding stage of the war, and until the last battle in Virginia, Claxton continued in command of his division and rode at the head of it in the grand parade in Washington, when the survivors of all the armies that had saved the Union marched on their final review.

Having performed faithfully and well every duty of a soldier and patriot, he hastened to respond to a second summons from Matilda. She sent him a copy of *The Expositor,* and from habit he looked at the last page first and saw at the bottom the words: "Come back." On this second return no reconciliation was necessary, and he felt no trepidation in going to the first meeting. Two Matildas were waiting to greet him and make love to him; for the little one called him "Clarkie," and imitated her mother in all of the ways in which she "jollied" and fascinated her loving husband.

Major-General Claxton was now only thirty-nine years of age; his robust health, mental vigor, extraordinary capacity for hard work, fine education, supplemented by varied experiences in the

affairs of life, qualified him for any position in the business world, or any political station to which he might be called,—and calls were numerous and flattering. Some that were enticing involved continued absence from his family; and since domestic happiness was now his paramount consideration both he and Matilda were equally firm in resolving to resist all influences having any tendency to separate them.

General Claxton is but the principal character in a story; no myth is he, but a type and representative of the capable, patriotic men, who, to maintain the integrity of the Union, forsook the pursuits of civil life; became volunteer soldiers; offered their own lives for sacrifice; staked the happiness of their families; endured the hardships of campaigns while subsisting on the hard fare doled out in rations; drank the dregs from the cup of bitter experiences in hundreds of bloody battles, where comrades were slaughtered wholesale, and cries of anguish from thousands of maimed and mangled mingled with the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery, and who, having survived the awful ordeal of actual war, resumed their places as peaceful citizens under the Constitutional Government saved by their heroic deeds.

Those called to the responsibilities of high rank prized the honors pertaining to military titles that had been earned by valor, and they were in a manner compensated. But the nation cannot ren-

der adequate compensation to the hundreds of thousands who, as privates in the ranks of its volunteer armies, by energy, intelligence, obedience, patriotism, and zeal, achieved success for their commanders.

General Sherman said, "War is hell"; and he knew.

The horrors of actual war have never been exaggerated. Words, pictures, and imagination are altogether inadequate to describe the full measure of physical agony, mental anguish, and all the different phases of misery included in the category of war's afflictions.

Contemplation of the evil prompts philanthropic endeavor to abolish it; peace societies,—having an enrolled membership including many talented, influential and wealthy men and women,—have undertaken the impossible task of eliminating war from the list of human woes. The teachings of these organizations and their liberal expenditures in disseminating literature must necessarily have some effect in modifying national policies and in creating sentiment that may in some instances avert unnecessary wars; but enthusiasts among peace propagandists go too far, and their influence is baneful, when they strive to suppress the singing of patriotic songs and to discredit the heroism in war of patriotic soldiers. Honoring those who have endured and sacrificed and suffered in the military service stimulates national pride, essential to pre-

vent national degeneration. Banishment from the schools of the song that glorifies the Star Spangled Banner will not tame the demon that incites nations to fight.

War is a condition resulting from causes deep seated in human nature; and without eradicating the selfishness and hate, which at times become developed to such magnitude as to be uncontrollable by reason, it will be as impossible to prevent war by fetters upon national power in the provisions of international treaties as to quell an ocean storm by a proclamation.

By the power of God the wrath of men is made to praise him; and so, by the law of compensation war, the greatest of human afflictions, is a yielder of blessings, the greatest of which is the uplifting of the human race. Similar to the process of separating precious metal from dross by application of intense heat, the ordeal of war, though temporarily and superficially brutalizing, necessarily develops in men the qualities of ambition, courage, endurance, fortitude, generosity, intelligence, patience, valor, veneration, wisdom and zeal,—which are essential in the combination that goes to make up nobility of character. And that is the distinction and supreme blessing that the Great Creator holds in reserve for man,—not to be conferred as a free gift, but to be attained by striving for it.

It is not exaggerated praise but simple truth to say of the veteran soldiers who survived the Civil

War that, with rare exceptions, they were, and are, exemplary citizens,—sober, industrious, honest, moral, lovers of peace, obliging, courteous, and noble. Their physical scars indicate no blemishes of character, but, rather, moral worth, entitling them to the reverence due to sincere patriots. Those qualities have been demonstrated many times at their camp-fires, when large numbers have been assembled at their annual encampments, and where, instead of intoxication and boisterous behavior, good manners and modest demeanor have invariably characterized their conduct.

It is useless to discuss the questions of right and wrong to be either credited or charged to either side, the North or the South, in order to fix the responsibility for the Civil War. All may agree, and most people do agree, that it terminated in a righteous peace. And it is a cause for gratitude that love for our common country, genuine patriotism, and mutual respect for one another prevail among all the surviving combatants,—sentiments cherished not only by those that wore blue uniforms but by those, as well, that wore the gray.

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Wreck of S.S. Central America
400 passengers. $1,500,000 gold
423 men + women perished. (1857)